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## Tomorrow

WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE

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SCENIC investiture, historical accuracy and fidelity to detail are scales in which critics weigh photoplay values far more exactly than with the spoken stage. In so-called legitimate drama, scenery is no more than illusory atmosphere. Also, detail is subordinated so story interest will be focused. While on the screen, the demand is for life itself.

LIFE, mirrored, is not Art. Directors who know this and who stray from the narrow path of verisimilitude frequently are condemned for stupidity. But directors believe that the average playgoer of Today prefers artificial drama to commonplace realism.

THE screen is criticized more for an idealized depiction of life than it is for weak drama. There is an old-time Californian who sat one night in a theatre and hoarsely denounced a western scene in which the hero advanced, four-square toward the villain, his pistol outthrust.

"Gunfighters never made targets of themselves like that," the old-time Californian exclaimed. "They stood sidewise so their bodies would make a smaller mark for a bullet. And the gun wasn't pointed at right angles to the body. It was flipped from its holster and fired from the waist, all in one motion. The movies have it all wrong. The actor would get drilled in the draw."

IN another scene, a gambler was shown, seated nonchalantly cross-legged at a poker table where a fight was imminent.

"Card sharps always sat facing the table," spoke up the old-timer. "They kept both feet on the floor alongside a chair so they could kick it over backward and stand up, all in one move."

THE old-time Californian was a critic of realism, not Art. The director preferred to emphasize the truculent advance of the hero rather than typify the accurate fighting attitude of a past day. And the nonchalance of the gambler was no doubt intended as a touch of characterization to indicate cool wickedness. Perhaps the director knew these scenes were exaggerations. He moulded the life of Yesterday into drama of Today.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at San Francisco, California.



# SCREENLAND

## Coming NEXT Month:

**C**HARACTERISTIC photo of L. G. Blochman, SCREENLAND's traveling correspondent in the Orient, depicting vividly the hardships of life in the East Indies. He writes:

"In case anyone is coming to Batavia soon, the address of this particular beer garden is as follows: Walk North along Tanah Abang until you come to the office of the Nederlandsch Indische Handelmaatschappij; then turn down Noordwijk walking until you see the Hoofdbureau van Staatsspoorwegen. The place is right next door. P. S.—The other glass belongs to the man who is taking the picture."

Don't miss Blochman's "Movies in Malaya" in SCREENLAND for December—The best movie-travelogue we have ever read.



## The Good Things In This Number:

### ¶ Nine Famous Faces

Claire Windsor	Helene Chadwick
Lila Lee	Marie Prevost
Alice Terry	Eva Novak
Ruth Roland	Maryon Aye
Lucille Carlisle	

### ¶ Critical Comment of the Screen

The Picture of the Month	35
Little Hints for Playgoers	36-39
A score of plays you should and shouldn't see	

### ¶ Things About the Movies You Never Read Before

Science in the Movies	47
Inventions that Improve Entertainment	

Marriage in the Movies	41
Has the marriage license become a ninety-day guarantee of affection?	
By Alma Whitaker	

The Star in Society	46
Piquant paragraphs about polite parties	
By Isabel Percival	

Cartoons of the Month	40
What the daily press thinks of the movies	

Letters Fans Write the Stars	30
Out of the Studio mail-bag	

Gossip Street	19
Amusing Hollywood happenings	
Told by people who know	

### ¶ Try These Under the Library Lamp

"Location Stuff"	22
Another Mr. Bloom short story	
By Louis Weadock	

Confessions of a Star Interviewer	25
By One Who Was Too Honest	

So This is Hollywood	48
An aerial visit on Mack Sennett	

My Trip Abroad	31
Chaplin's great diary	

Secrets of the Stars	28
Where the directors get their starts	
By Patrick Tarsney	

The Five-Foot Kiss	44
By Harry Carr	

### ¶ Every Issue Contains These Regular Departments

Little Hints for Booklovers	52
Fiction discussed from the playgoers' viewpoint	

The Editors' Page	7
Timely observations	

Tomorrow	4
The future of the screen	

What's the Matter With My Story?	56
Criticisms of Scenarios	

Your Own Page	58
Just Among Ourselves	

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# The Editors' PAGE

Myron Zobel, Editor

Syl. MacDowell, Managing Editor

## The Perils of Politeness

THE most important part of a star's education is to recognize the perils of being polite to insignificant people.

In an industry where a producer ranks a director and a director ranks a leading man and a leading man ranks an assistant director and the assistant ranks a cameraman, professional ethics demand that human kindness must be carefully measured.

A star with the poise that her success demands recognizes the limits of geniality she can exert upon the assistant director in order that he will let her sleep an extra half hour on location days. But if she is extravagant with her charms, she loses caste.

When impressing producers, the one with the most solid financial backing is obviously the one for the star to sit closest to at table. A feminine touch on a masculine coat sleeve has put many a name on bill posters. Politeness is of two sorts—warmth and frigidity. Frigid politeness is reserved for insulting purposes and is sometimes known as “up-stage work” or “ritzing.” When a producer has hard luck and goes broke he gets the ice-box from the star.

A star must never be seen in public with poor pills whose social alliance offers nothing. Friends cannot be chosen in the movies for their likeability. A catholic selection of congenial and wholesome friends has ruined more girls' careers than late and unusual hours and habits.

A star must guard her air of good breeding with extreme care when it has taken her almost two years to acquire it.

## Nature

A PUFF of smoke from an industrious steam shovel in a glen not far from our window informs us that another prosperous director is building himself a cozy \$10,000 nook in the comforting quiet of the hills.

The billowy verdure that once clad the shady slope has been uprooted and buried under tons of earth. The scent of the sumac and the tonic of the sweet-laden breezes that sift over Nature's wild garden is mixed with dust and the noise of a concrete mixer. The bees and mocking birds and the myriad of living things that have made their homes there have been frightened farther up into the canyon.

When the landscape gardener gets his imported shrubs set out, and the wild growth has been uprooted and heaped and burned, the director will take his big car out of the new garage some morning and coast down to a boulevard cafe and breakfast. He will tell his friends that there is nothing like a quiet night's rest in the primitive wildwood to fit a man for a good day's work.

## A Lesson in Diplomacy

ALL Mexicans are bandits. To realize this, all you have to do is to visit the movies.

The only people who disagree with the movies in this respect are the Mexicans, themselves. They resent the racial libel to such an extent that an embargo has been exerted on certain brands of American films—especial culprits—whether those particular films contained Mexican villains or none at all.

But the screen has finally shown some favorable characteristics of our warm-blooded brethren, in *Blood and Sand*. Mexico has been quick to reciprocate by lifting the ban on films and decorating box-offices with their pesos.

It is plain to see that modern diplomacy is being wound on reels as well as invested in the will and goodwill of our plenipotentiaries.

## The Obscurant

AN iconoclastic magazine names a list of twenty-six studio scenario editors and derides them under this blistering exordium:

“Who has ever heard of them? What have they ever done? What have they written? What is their qualification for the positions they occupy? Where did they come from? What has been the nature of their former experience? What do they know of literature and drama? Who found them—and where?”

We note with admiration the cuttlefish skill editorially plied to evade names of scenario writers who are known in special fields of literature and drama as well as the embracing motion picture art.

An editor is a pilot. It would be as just to condemn a pilot because he could not sing a sailor's chanty as to hold scenario editors as nit-wits because they are neither novelists nor playwrights.

## A Stop Signal

WHEN public appetite makes gluttony of *risque* sex novels, vulgar popular songs, nasty plays and inflammatory films, it is time to censor the public and learn the cause of its perverted taste.

Bad entertainment is a stop signal lighted by the current of popular demand. Most movies are poor but few are vicious. But the same assertion does not apply to the vogue in fiction, popular music and the spoken stage. High school girls sing *Not Lately* and read free-love verse. When their wholesome girlhood is swallowed up in the shadows of life, some shad-eyed, clapper-tongued reformer bellows about the movies.



# WHAT IS THE TITLE OF THIS PICTURE?



Paramount Photo by Keyes

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What does the above photograph, posed by Miss Shannon Day, film actress, suggest to you? To list your answers in the grand prize group, attach one dollar to the coupon below, and mail it with your title ideas. Every contestant sending a subscription will receive a personal response from Miss Day and an autographed photograph as reproduced above.

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# *familiar* FACES



CLAIRE WINDSOR

¶ Finds family interest no impediment to her fast progress toward a brilliant screen career.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

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LILA LEE

¶ Is a name that always follows "with a notable cast including" on Paramount theatre lobby cards.

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*ALICE TERRY*

*¶ Is known to the census taker as Mrs. Rex Ingram and she promised to abandon the screen after her marriage. But the studio still claims her.*

*Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.*

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land**





RUTH ROLAND

¶ Would have succeeded in politics as well as a serial queen. Her "machine" is a great fan club composed of thousands of friends all over the world.

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Screen  
land





**LUCILLE CARLISLE**

**Q** *Is in comedy, the birthplace of dramatic ambition. When will Larry Semon be looking for new feminine radiance to illuminate his capers?*

*Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.*

**Screen  
land**





HELENE CHADWICK

¶ Is exceptionally gifted for emotional roles. This allegorical pose suggests how she is all wrapped up in her work.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull.

Screen  
land





MARYON AYE

Is the teacup queen in society scenes. When the script calls for a drawing room, the casting director turns to the "A's" in the telephone directory.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Screen  
land





*EVA NOVAK*

*¶ Has been compared to the stately blonde whose profile adorns many of our coins.*

*Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.*

**Screen  
land**





MARIE PREVOST

Will appear soon as Gloria Gilbert in Warner Bros. screen version of "The Beautiful and Damned."

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe.

Screen  
land





THE MODEL

Photo by St. Elmo Artists Studios.





# Gossip Street

## Grist from the Movie Mill

**W**ALTER WOODS, scenario editor, was speaking to a class of amateur writers: "Condense the ending of your scenario," he instructed them. Next day he received a script in which the author finished off his story as follows: "The villain took Scotch whisky, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip pocket, and lastly his life!"

**NORMA TALMADGE** was making a street scene and a crowd had collected. "Who's that girl?" someone asked. "Her? Why, Buster Keaton's sister-in-law, that's all." The crowd dispersed.

**WILL ROGERS**, now with Ziegfeld, plans to return to Hollywood and picture-making. His friends are wondering what he will do with the drop curtains in the miniature theatre at his Beverly Hills mansion. The most conspicuous part of the decorations on the curtains is a Goldwyn lion, lying on its back, feet in the air. Underneath is the usual caption: "It's a Goldwyn year."

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN**, himself, tells one on a fellow-producer. A director employed by this producer had achieved a pretty honeymoon ending in a picture by showing, in the final fadeout, two dogs on a station platform, each tied to the trunk of his owner—the bride and groom. The dogs approached each other to the ends of their leashes and kissed. "That's out!" declared the producer when he saw the film. "What for did you get a couple of dogs to play the love scene when I am paying my actors \$500 a week to do the job!"

**DOUBLES** for stars who play "thrill stuff" are always in demand. Fred Kley, Lasky studio manager, congratulated himself on a good stroke of business when he hired a daredevil for what he believed was a dangerous stunt for \$25 a day. At home that night Kley had a radio

receiver at his car when a fragment of conversation from the Catalina Island radiophone interrupted his concert. It was the voice of the daredevil. "I'm in soft, Dolly," he chortled. "Im getting twenty-five berries per to wear Wallie's shirt."

**T**HERE is the pathetic side to hair-raising picture stunts. A motorcycle rider agreed to do the collision scene in William de Mille's *Manslaughter* for \$1,000. The company offered to furnish him with the latest surgical marvel, a plastic face, if his injuries required it. They did.

**JACK AND SAM WARNER** emerged from the Ambassador Hotel to find that thieves had stripped the spare tire from the studio flivver that they were using. "Let's call the police," proposed Jack, excitedly. "Never mind," consoled Sam, "that was the papier mache trick tire that we used in *Rags to Riches*."

**P**ICTURE fans hear much of poverty-ridden extras, but Horace Williams, casting director at the Ince Studio, knows four "extra" men whose combined capital exceeds \$200,000. But they didn't make it acting. Retired Iowans who hate idleness.

**LOIS WEBER** is reported to be separated from her husband, Phillip Smalley. These matrimonial problem pictures, like *What Women Want*, released recently by Miss Weber, are *not* bought from scenario writers.

**DOUG** has inspired Charlie Chaplin with appreciation of the classics. For Charlie is planning to film *Don Quixote*. With an electric fan instead of a windmill, perhaps.

**CHAPLIN'S** greatest admirer, Jackie Coogan, wept one day because he had made a mistake in a scene that demanded a retake. "Never mind, Jackie," consoled Coogan,



senior. "Everyone has made mistakes—everyone but a certain omnipotent being—" "I know, I know who he is," interrupted Jackie, with a sob, "Charlie Chaplin."

THE scenario departments enjoy the artless epistles of some aspiring writers more than their stories. Mrs. Lotta Woods, scenario editor for Fairbanks, tells about a lady who gave as one reason for believing that her work was worth while the fact that she lives in the same block as Harold Bell Wright.

BUSTER KEATON got a comedy from a free-lance author. "You will notice that the plot is missing," the writer said in his letter. "I left it out on purpose. I was afraid somebody would steal it."



NOT to be outdone by William Fox, an enlarged portrait of whom is the chief decoration in the reception room at the Fox Studio, Thomas H. Ince has placed in the reception room at the Ince Studio an oil painting of George Washington.

IT might further be said of Thomas H. Ince that he has installed the largest private bathing pool in Southern California in his new home, one of the show places of Beverly Hills. Here he and his friend, William Hart, his neighbor who won a few thousand from him a year ago in a lawsuit, might duck each other on warm evenings.

JOSEPH SCHENCK, the producer, is a kind and indulgent husband. When his wife, Norma Talmadge, put in an expensive day in the studio, all of which work had to be retaken next day because she forgot to wear a string of pearls, he patted her on the back and said: "Never mind, Norma. It was a fine rehearsal!" The only time Mr. Schenck ever got his husbandly dander het up, say their friends, was when he caught Norma with a copy of *The Sheik* under her pillow.

ALICE LAKE always weighs herself after eating at Armstrong's Cafe, in Hollywood. She smiled the other day after viewing the indicator. Everything must be O. K.

NOW that Universal has begun to run the director's name at the end, instead of at the beginning of the film, nobody'll ever know who did direct a lot of those Universal masterpieces.

GEORGE SUNDAY, son of Billy Sunday, the evangelist, is now interested in several real estate operations with Charlie Christie, brother of Al Christie, the pro-

#### PAULINE STARKE

THIS scratchy-looking garment she holds in her hand is a grass skirt, property of the Goldwyn wardrobe department. It was handed to her by Director Walsh, just before Miss Starke and a near-score of other players departed on the Walsh expedition to the South Seas to make *Passions of the Sea*. Director Walsh was confidentially informed by James Frederick O'Brien, author of *White Shadows in the South Seas*, that the natives really wear denim overalls, so Miss Starke had to carry along all studio-made wicker ones. The critics will speak of the picture as stark realism.




**MADGE BELLAMY**

*HER* mamma relieves Madge of all business cares and her papa saves Madge the trouble of reading half way through a book only to find that she won't like it. He censors her reading by dipping in first himself. At Ince's, the other day, he sat in the Bellamy car reading a volume he was testing for Madge. He seemed to be enjoying himself. "What's the book?" someone asked. The book tester would not tell. Madge, ask papa to show you that book.

*Photograph by Dr. Van der Voort.*

ducer of comedies, a fact which induces inward joy to those who like to see the church and the screen get along in brotherly amity. But who would ever think that a son of Billy Sunday would have anything to do, even remotely, with the silent drama?

**WILL H. HAYS** has discovered that, much as the producers love him, they will insist upon having their pictures taken with him in such a way that when these pictures are printed the captions always read: "From left to right, Mr. Producer and Will H. Hays." Mr. Producer getting into the public eye first and foremost.

**NOAH BERRY** has no right to complain of the wages of sin. For playing a villain for four days lately he got a check for one thousand dollars. No wonder that his fat little son, "Pidgie" says that when he grows up he's going to be "a bad actor like Dad."

**THE BEARS** is the latest social organization to be formed among the moving picture folk. It is modeled on the lines of the Lambs, and will provide a meeting place

for those lonesome souls that have nowhere to go except the Los Angeles Athletic Club, the Directors' Association, the Actors' Association, the Equity and the Alexandria lobby.

**WHEN** Mack Sennett rents his trained dog Teddy to other producers he charges two hundred and fifty dollars a week for the canine's services. Some other actors might get more salary if they had more legs.

**WALLY REID**, Harold Lloyd, Carter De Haven and several other stars have little swimming pools in their homes, but Douglas Fairbanks, who also has a pool, has in addition a regulation barber's chair. Everybody knows that he has a projection machine in his front room, but everybody does not know that it was he who presented to former President Wilson the projection machine that was the first to be set up in the White House.

(Note: Gossip Street will be continued next month and will run hereafter as a regular feature in Screenland.)



¶ The movies are not the only place where you'll find up-stage people. But however you dislike their manner, you cannot help but love them when they show they are really human. It took Norval Chillingworth, the new leading man, nearly a week to reveal himself to Mr. Bloom as a regular fellow.



¶ "I see you got over your cold," said Mr. Bloom.  
"Why, I have no cold," Julie objected.  
"I thought you had," he said, "I thought you had such a bad cold you couldn't speak to anybody."

# "Location Stuff"

By Louis Weadock

Illustrated by Everett Wynn

"I SHALL see you anon, gentlemen," said Norval Chillingworth, the new leading man, and gracefully backed out of the office of the president of the Planet Film Corporation, Inc.

"The same to you," the flustered little president called after him, looking in some chagrin at the hand which the new leading man had forgotten to shake.

"Well, Mr. Bloom," asked Bruce Wappinger, the director, who was the other gentleman to whom the leading man had tossed his condescending valedictory, "what do you think of him?"

Mr. Bloom pursed doubtful lips.

"I think yes and no," he answered, and locked the door.

Then he walked to a window and stood there gazing with evident dissatisfaction upon the landscape.

"Hollywood is getting fuller and fuller of stuckupishness," he muttered. "When that fellow was in his own country what was he?—an assistant king or something like that?"

"He tells me that he was a very good actor," answered the director, "a very, very good actor."

"Now, don't you start trying to talk like him," exclaimed Mr. Bloom in disgust. "One 'I'll see you anon-er' in this company is enough and too much. But if that feller can act on the screen as good as the papers say he can act on the stage I can make so much money out of him that I can afford to listen to his language."

There was a knock at the door.

"He's probably come back to tell you something about himself that he forgot," whispered Wappinger, whose admiration for actors who were not engaged upon his recommendation was small.

"Maybe if you'll take care of your own knitting it will be just as good," commented Mr. Bloom testily and moved toward the door.

BUT the testiness was all in his voice, for as he crossed the room his chubby face wore again its habitual expression of benignity, and as he turned the key he glanced over his shoulder and smiled at Wappinger.

When he opened the door the smile died.

"It's only Julie," he said shamefacedly.



"Only Julie?" mocked a wide-eyed vision of innocence in the doorway. "Say, who were you guys expecting?—the Queen of Sheba?"

Mr. Bloom spread deprecatory hands.

"Now, Miss Douglas," he began patiently. "How many times have I told you, I mean how many times have I asked you not to call me and Mr. Wappinger 'guys'? It don't sound respectable."

"Pish and tush," she answered as she passed and came unbidden into the room.

"That's worse talk," muttered her employer, following her. "All I hear this afternoon is new talk. If you wasn't such a good ingenue you'd make me cross. But to hear you speak nobody would think you was an ingenue. They'd think you was an adventuress type."

"A lot I'd care what they thought" was the vision's spirited rejoinder. "I didn't break my way in here to talk about grammar. I came in to find out about my grub."

Mr. Bloom rolled protesting eyes toward the ceiling.

"Listen to her, Wappinger," he exclaimed. "She comes in to talk about grub. That ain't a lady-like word—'grub'."

**MISS DOUGLAS**, seating herself daintily in an overstuffed chair, slipped one slim ankle over another, regarded them approvingly, and yawned.

"It might not be lady-like to ask anybody to buy grub for me," she explained, "but it certainly isn't unlady-like for me to ask where I'm going to buy it for myself. Besides, I don't remember ever having claimed to be lady-like."

"Please, Julie, don't talk like that," begged Mr. Bloom, relaxing, in his earnestness, much of the formality of his manner. "Be more reserved like. You know you've worked for me a long time. You know I like you. You know Wappinger likes you——"

"I know I like myself," she affirmed, languidly, "but I'd like to know what all this is leading up to."

Mr. Bloom and the director looked at each other and then the director looked out of the window, thereby placing the task of enlightenment squarely upon Mr. Bloom. The stubby producer cleared his throat.

"I have just hired the highest-priced leading man that ever worked for me in my life," he announced. "He is a young feller that's got a big society following, a young feller with class sticking out all over him, a young feller——"

"Say!" broke in the feminine half of his audience, "what's the big idea of the selling talk? Do you want me to marry him, or are you afraid I won't know how to behave?"

"Who said anything about marrying?" demanded her indignant employer.

"I cash on my other bet," she said with chilling disfavor, and began to powder her pretty little nose.

**MR. BLOOM** was fairly caught.

"It ain't exactly that," he hastened to explain. "But you see this here young feller ain't wild and western like some of the boys. He ain't never been in a studio before. He ain't never been off Broadway and that street in London that everybody knows the name of——"

"What street in London?" she asked icily.

"The main street in London," he said impatiently.

"They have so many," she yawned.

"Julie," he said desperately, "I don't want this young feller to get the idea that we don't know manners. He is so quietlike and refined. He talks always in a kind of a whisper, as if they was somebody dead. Like this."

Mr. Bloom's imitation was none too successful.

"The poor guy's probably got the con," declared Miss Douglas.

"No, he ain't" contradicted her employer. "He has got a high-toned way of talking."

"Sounded like the con to me," she insisted.

"Whatever it is he ain't used to rough treatment," said Mr. Bloom, "and now that we're going on location what I would like for you to do is to kind of see that those cow-boys and fellers like that don't bother him."

He ended lamely enough.

"I'm an actress, not a nurse-girl," said Miss Douglas stiffly, "and you ain't fooling me one little bit. What you're afraid of is that I'll rough him up myself. Well, I won't. I won't even speak to him. What I want to know is where I'm going to eat in this bum town we're going to. I went on location once and I didn't have anything to eat for one whole day. It was when I was with——"

Wappinger interrupted her.

"Yes, yes, we know," he said. "It was when you were with Griffith."

"That's just when it was," she corroborated, unperturbed, "and I don't want it to happen again."

"This town that we're going to is on the desert, but it has knives and forks in it," said Mr. Bloom. "Do you get the little hint I was trying to give you?"

"I get the little hint," she said dryly, "but I didn't get the name of this ham that you've engaged."

"Ham?" exploded Mr. Bloom. "This feller ain't no ham. He is a Broadway favorite speaking actor. He is a ——"

"I don't want to buy him," the girl protested. "I want to know his name."

"Oh, his name?" repeated her employer. "His name is Norval Chillingworth."

She gasped.

"Not *the* Norval Chillingworth?" she queried, visibly impressed.

"See!" exclaimed Mr. Bloom, exultantly, "I told you nobody would believe that I hired *the* Norval Chillingworth, the great English and Broadway speaking actor——"

"And what did he say about playing opposite me?" asked the girl excitedly.

Mr. Bloom, looking uncomfortable, began to twiddle his thumbs. Wappinger answered for him.

"He didn't say much," he averred. "You see, he'd never even heard of you."

"Never heard of me?" she cried incredulously. "Say, where has this guy lived all his life?"

"Broadway," answered Mr. Bloom proudly, "and that street in London that everybody knows the name of."

"He never heard of me!" repeated the girl in amazement.

"Oh, I showed him your picture," said Mr. Bloom hurriedly. "Now he knows who you are."

"And what did he say when you showed him my picture?" she asked breathlessly.

Mr. Bloom stared out of the window, pretending that he had not heard. Not so Wappinger.

"He said," spoke up that disagreeable man, "he said he thought you were pretty, in a doll-like way."

"I'll doll him," said Miss Douglas grimly.

## II.

**T**HE next day Mr. Bloom took his flock to Grandville, a pin point on the illimitable desert a couple of hundred miles from Hollywood. He and the flock traveled in seven-passenger automobiles for each of which Mr. Bloom was to pay fifteen dollars a day. There were four of these automobiles in the cavalcade that drew away from the Planet studio in the cool of the morning, and they would have drawn away earlier had not the same old controversy as to the front seats arisen. As usual, everybody wanted to ride with the driver, and as usual some more or less





¶ "Bill, if you lay a finger on my friend, Mr. Bloom, you'll have to lick both of us."

valuable time was consumed in establishing this matter of precedence.

"I'm glad I'm letting Mr. Chillingworth stay in Hollywood till we need him, which will be in three or four days," Mr. Bloom said to Wappinger as the two separated, each to move by divine right into a seat alongside a driver. "I'm glad he ain't here to see what bum manners some of us has got, and besides there ain't no reason I should pay hotel bills for him up there till we need him."

Those were almost the last words that Mr. Bloom spoke

until his cramped legs deposited him upon the unpaved street in front of the Metropolitan Hotel in Grandville late that day. But if he had not talked, he had thought, and the more he thought the more he became convinced that Julie Douglas as well as Mr. Chillingworth would have to be handled with gloves.

She, who as yet had not met the new English leading man, had quit speaking to everybody else.

"She's got one of her mads on," thought Mr. Bloom, as, with her chin in the air, she (Continued on page 60)



# Confessions of a Star INTERVIEWER

By One Who Was Too Honest

¶ Authors, as well as stars, expect printers' ink to be mixed with saccharine. Even humorists take themselves seriously. This whimsical interviewer relates some delightful incidents of her meeting the great writers and their reactions to the truth she told about them. This is the best "confession" ever published in this popular series.

UNLIKE most of my predecessors in this series, my confession must be one of *too much* honesty. I am not given to complimentary slush, especially if I care a button about the celebrity interviewed. But I am not at all sure that honesty is the *best* policy in interviewing. My victims rarely appreciate my crude and faithfully *verbatim* reports of their more or less profound remarks, or my disgustingly honest descriptions of their persons.

For this reason my paper does not often let me loose upon the picture stars. Only now and again with grave misgivings. For some subtle reason, picture stars are understood to be infinitely more hyper-sensitive and woundful—why can it be? Mostly, therefore, it is the other kind of celebrity that is delivered unto me.

I recall, for instance, that I did not make any sort of a hit with Theda Bara. She had just taken the Randolph Huntington Miner residence and had announced her intention of renouncing horrid vamp parts forever, going in strictly for the good, the true and the beautiful henceforth.

So the stage was all set for me to discover Theda in a Mary Pickford gown, feeding the baby chickens in the garden. Very effective. Nice books were scattered around the living room as evidence of superior reading. Ingenue kid sister was around.

Said Theda: "I love the great-out-of-doors, don't you?" "I love flowers, you know, especially the sweet old-fashioned ones." "There is nothing like the music of the birds in spring-time, is there?" "The sunshine, oh, the beautiful sunshine, it makes my heart sing." "You know, the public doesn't understand me. They think I am like the horrid parts I play and I'm not a bit. My tastes are very simple. Oh, yes, and I love children. And—and housekeeping, you know. I am not a bit of a vamp, really. So I am going to give up that sort of part and be myself. One should be one's self, don't you think?" And so on.

Well, I felt that Theda was not talking recklessly and impulsively; that she had, in fact, weighed her words with proper care. Who was I to improve upon such profound thoughts? So I quoted her *verbatim*, adding a few comparative remarks anent former and



¶ Elinor Glyn said: "I am a sybarite and I must have exquisite things about me. If I were poor I would sit up all night to launder my fine underwear. . . . I never allow a man to kiss me after smoking until he has cleaned his teeth." Photo by Keyes.

present inhabitants of the society home (quite nicely in favor of Theda in point of interest) and generally basked in conscious reportorial rectitude. What more could I do? But Theda was not satisfied. Said I was ridiculing her, cruelly misinterpreted her.

THEN there was Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who had just arrived as one of Goldwyn's hectically advertised "eminent authors."

Mrs. Atherton began by saying she hoped our rendezvous was not a public place "because I have promised the W. C. T. U. that I will not smoke in public." Then she smoked a nice, large, fat cigarette poised on the point of a hatpin to save her fingers getting nicotiny. She added: "You know Samuel Goldwyn plagued me to come, kept right after me. I didn't want to and hope I shan't regret it. What do you want me to say? I am sure I don't know what to say. Clayton, come here and tell me what to talk about. Oh, yes. Well, Mr. Gold-



wyn is a remarkable man. This is a wonderful studio. The co-operation here is splendid. My story is going to be called 'Noblesse Oblige.' It is laid in San Francisco in the period of 1860. They tell me costume plays aren't popular. This is a costume play—there, how will that do?"

Well, I quoted her just like that. Also told of her superb sartorial indifference, her careless hair-dressing, her unbecoming hat, shoved back at a rakish angle when it disturbed her, and of her skirt three inches longer than the style.

And, mind you, I really liked Gertrude Atherton, just as she was, just as I wrote about her, with all her frankness, her scorn of slush, her sartorial indifference. But, alas! You see, Mrs. Atherton did not think she was sartorially indifferent, and she did not like my crude bare report of her remarks, either—so there you are.

Or take Clayton Hamilton—who feared no man and said exactly what he thought. He knew I was there to absorb him and his ideas and he continued to say just what he thought. Amongst other things he said no eminent author was successful on the screen. "Rupert Hughes isn't an eminent author, he is a successful author." He also made a good many quite caustic remarks about producers and directors, including those he was associated with. Now, I ask you, who was I that I should insult so lofty a high-brow by toning down his best caustic bon mots? But was he delighted with my scrupulous record? He was not.

I HAD much better luck with Bill Hart. Bill knew exactly what he meant to say, including the fact that his boys' books were amongst the best of their kind, that he hoped the public didn't think he was cruel to Pinto, his horse, because he wasn't; he hoped the public did not suspect him of employing doubles, because he wouldn't for anything, and as to this censorship matter . . . whereupon he proceeded to recite a lovely, well-constructed, carefully thought-out argument against censorship—and he just loved my faithful report. It read awfully well.

But I can't claim the same success for Elinor Glyn. Yet I so absorbed Elinor that I haven't been able to associate happily with plebeians ever since.

Said Elinor: "I am a sybarite, I must have exquisite things about me. If I were poor I would sit up all night to launder my fine underwear. Oh, yes, indeed, royalty and the aristocracy are superior to common people. I can't endure common people. My heroines, even when they come from the lower ranks, like Katherine Bush, are Nature's gentlewomen. Many of the workmen in this studio are Nature's aristocrats. I dislike to see women smoke. I never allow a man to kiss me after smoking until he has cleaned his teeth. You know, the public doesn't understand me. They are so vulgar. They wholly misinterpreted my "Three

Weeks." Why, do you know my "Three Weeks" is read in every university in the country as the finest example of modern emotional literature. I had a delightful visit with their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain—delightful couple. They take a tremendous interest in my work. I can't think why the American reporters insist upon thinking me a snob. Of course, I am not. I prefer refined people because they are more attractive." And so on for over an hour. So I faithfully recorded her words, added a little psycho-analytic character analysis of the interested variety that we accord our most distinguished jail queens, and really spread myself rather well. But I assure you Elinor did not approve of it at all.

Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance were my most happy interviewees—although I treated them with scant consideration, joshed them, told many things about Charlie's early life and Edna's pending love affairs and the advent of Mildred—and even naughtily misinterpreted some of their most innocent remarks—never, never did I hear the hint of a kick, it was all right with them, I could go as far as I liked.

ALICE DUER MILLER, another "eminent author," was a victim of mine. Having read all her books with avidity, I was prepared to admire her, no matter how she looked or what she said. But in my capacity of a faithful interviewer I was forced to record that she said "Oh, dear, I can't talk about things. I haven't a sensible remark in my head. Ask me questions." "What do I think about woman's suffrage—goodness, I don't know, we've got it." (You will recall that some of her brilliantly caustic literary witticisms and joshing of the anti-statesmen played a large part in helping that along.) "No, I don't expect we shall be any brighter than the men. Oh, dear, I am not saying anything bright, am I? I never can when I am interviewed. Those in my books are worked over and over." And so on.

So I told that, and also about her shy, timid, slightly dowdy, passive and deceitfully drab-appearing personality—so remarkable as encasing so dazzling witty a mind—. But again I liked her, just as she was, just as I wrote about her. Her enchanting modesty intrigued me. But I have reason

to believe that even my adored Alice felt that I had failed her. She, my fine intellectual Alice, could have stood just a little hokum.

Mary Roberts Rinehardt was different yet again. She has all the dazzling personality and I said so. She talked blithely on every subject under the sun. She may, indeed, be counted a professional expert interviewee, she manages to convey a careless impression of complete frankness while actually remaining the pink of discretion. And she can stand *verbatim* reporting. So I wrote it just as she said it—but I really did not write that interview, Mary did it herself, and so dashed well that I couldn't have improved upon it if I would.



Gertrude Atherton told me: "I have promised the W. C. T. U. that I wouldn't smoke in public." She didn't like my crude, bare reports of her remarks. Photo by Hoover



Hence she wrote me a charming letter afterwards displaying a gratitude to which I was wholly unentitled.

Leroy Scott, another "eminent author," forgave me everything. But he felt he had a good deal to forgive. He was the masculine counterpart of Alice Duer Miller—delightfully good humored, but painfully shy, and simply stumped in the presence of an interviewer. He said he guessed it was because he had had a suppressed childhood. Naturally I seized upon that. I thought it rather bright myself. But, as I said before, he forgave me with reproachful resignation.

**RITA WEIMAN** forgave me too. Yet I was compelled to record Rita as declaring "California is simply wonderful. The people out here are simply wonderful.

The studio is simply wonderful. Mr. Goldwyn is absolutely wonderful. The directors are just wonderful." But as I was also conscientiously able to add that Rita was simply wonderful and her clothes were simply wonderful, and her eyes were simply wonderful, and her soft voice was simply wonderful, why Rita decided to leave it at that.

It was somewhat the same with Sir Gilbert Parker. Sir Gilbert solemnly assured me he saw "a great future for motion pictures, that they were still in their infancy, that their influence was very far-reaching, that their educational possibilities were great, that he was enjoying his visit to California very much." Naturally I recorded this utterly original profundity with scrupulous effect. But I added that I had reason to believe that Sir Gilbert had one or two other ideas in his head, because he carried a little notebook around in which he gathered up unconsidered data so painstakingly—even the remarks of bright children at parties. But do you know, I am more than half convinced that Sir Gilbert would have stood for a few flowery embellishments of my own with the utmost *sang froid*.

In this connection I find that most of my unpopular interviews were with people connected with motion pictures. I can be as disgustingly honest as I like with almost any other kind of a celebrity. I have perpetrated really naughty things upon titled nabobs, bishops, international statesmen, influential bankers, golf and tennis champions, commercial magnates, authors not connected with the films, visiting foreign lecturers, military and naval somebodies, with the utmost impunity. They will not only accept faithful reports of their dubious eloquence, but they will good-humoredly stand for any amount of joshing on the side. Even

stage actors and actresses or eminent musicians and opera prima donnas, most completely equipped with temperaments, can take joshing with better *savoir faire* than the film people. I have teased the life out of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Cyril Maude, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Pavlowa, Adeline Gence, Ruth St. Denis, John Drew, Mary Garden and Kitty Gordon in my feline past, but mostly they appeared to enjoy the joke on themselves or certainly concealed any hyper-sensitive touchiness they may have felt. I was positively scratchy with the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen, with John Cowper Powys, with John Masefield, with Norman Angell, with Sir Drummond Drummond Fraser, and hosts of other foreign celebrities while they were here, and while writing for English papers in London I treated many a haughty nabob with frivolous

disrespect—and never raised a protest. Often, indeed, an invitation to dinner instead—which, by the way, was the result of a naughty perpetration upon Lady Rothermere when she recently visited Los Angeles. But there must be just something about the motion pictures that makes its celebrities rather chippy—possibly because it is a young, immature industry, socially insecure as yet, and a bit uncertain whether it is Art, Realism or mere commerce. They all take themselves so dashed seriously.

**Y**ET one is really much more complimentary when one is not complimentary. If I consider my celebrity small-fry, not quite arrived, I am apt to let him down very gently—a superior kind of patronage on my part. But if I feel that they personify Success with a capital S I suffer no scruples, they must stand the gaff just as a President or a Prime Minister has to—any old kind of a caricature. But, alas, this sort of superlative compliment is wasted on so many of them—and they don't get it at all if they are "in pictures." Actually, of course, there is nothing

so insulting as fulsome praise, tactful diplomatic handling, soft soap, flattery.

Those who crave it suffer grave misgivings about themselves and yearn to have their modest convictions refuted. They know they can't stand the Truth. Your truly vain secure celebrity is he—or she—who doesn't care a whoop what the interviewer says about them, since it can't possibly affect their comfortable pre-eminence. So the worst kind of interviewee is the one who is actually very modest—and ashamed of it.



¶ I was compelled to record Rita Weiman as saying: "California is simply wonderful. The people out here are simply wonderful. Mr. Goldwyn is simply wonderful. The directors are simply wonderful." Rita Weiman was simply wonderful.





¶ The DeMille boys are sons of a newspaperman, who was David Belasco's most—



—valued collaborator. William is a single-tax devotee.



¶ Rex Ingram, born in Dublin, was a pantomimist and a sculptor.

# SECRETS of the Stars

By Patrick Tarsney

AND where do the moving picture directors come from, or, as the Ince director, John Griffith Wray would say, "Whence come the moving picture directors?" Mr. Wray, who looks something like Shakespeare, was once a school teacher, and knows that a sentence should not end with a preposition. So does Harrish Ingraham, another school teacher who beat his ferule into a megaphone.

David Wark Griffith was bred in old Kentucky, where, after he had set type for awhile on a country newspaper, he became a reporter and then an actor. Countless actors and actresses and directors have gone to school to him; but that for which the stars admire him most is it was he who invented the close-up.

His stage experience was not so extensive as was that of either of the De Milles. They are sons of that William De Mille, a newspaper man, whom David Belasco always looked upon as his most valuable collaborator. C. B. De Mille was an actor, a stage director and the author of some rather nifty musical pieces. His brother William, who was educated at Columbia, wrote "The Warrens of Virginia," "Strongheart" and "The Woman." He has also written many articles advocating the Single Tax, a cause to which he is devoted.

REX INGRAM, who was born in Dublin, was a pantomimist and a sculptor before he went into pictures as a scenario writer. The war he depicted in "The Four Horsemen" was a war of which he got a birdseye view while he was in the Royal Flying Corps. Maurice Campbell, who is Henrietta Crosman's husband, was a Major in the American forces during the same war. John W. Noble was a Lieutenant in the United States Regular Army for seven years, and Norman Stevens was a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy. Another director who is a graduate of Annapolis is Bruce Mitchell.

James Young also was educated in Maryland. He attended Johns Hopkins, played with Sir Henry Irving and introduced Shakespeare to vaudeville audiences.

Before Norbert Miles directed Helen Gibson in railroad stories he, like Henry King, was a Shakespearean actor, and before Charles Parrott began to direct comedies he was an Irish comedian in burlesque. A comedian also was Robert Z. Leonard, who directs his wife, Mae Murray, but before he was a comedian he was a property man. Edgar Lewis began his professional career with a circus and Fred Kelsey was a sailor. Maybe that is where he got his taste for thrills, but how about George B. Seitz, who was educated in a Quakers' school?

Harry Lambart was a British cavalry officer for nine years, but Wilfred North did his riding as a cowboy and became a director only after he sandwiched the practice of law between the saddle and the studio. Charles A. Taylor also was a cowboy, but in his career punching cattle was a mere episode. He once worked in a construction gang on the Southern Pacific Railroad, later looked for gold in Alaska and still later found some by writing thirty melodramas. Laurence Trimble, who directed the dog picture, "The Silent Call," was formerly in the lumber business, and Henry Robert Symons sold automobiles in Chicago and Los Angeles.

CHESTER BENNETT practiced law in the latter city and Fred E. Wright also was a lawyer. J. Searle Dawley could have been a resonant jury lawyer, for he studied at a school of oratory in Denver. Hugo Ballin went to an art school and is the only director who is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and of the National Academy of Design. Robert Brunton and Wray Physioc were scenic artists and Briant Young and Harry Revier certainly should know what sort of pictures the public likes, as they were exhibitors of film before they became the makers thereof.

George Fitzmaurice is one of the most artistic of directors because he was born in Paris, and Lambert Hillyer, who directed many of Bill Hart's best westerns, was born in South Bend, Ind., and played college and professional football before he came into pictures via vaudeville.





¶ George Fitzmaurice is one of the most artistic directors, because he was born in Paris.



¶ Sidney A. Franklin has a brother, Chester, who was a Keystone cop at three dollars a day.



¶ Fred Niblo was an actor and a globe trotter.

Reaves Eason sang songs in vaudeville and Julius Steger sang them there and in light opera.

But William Worthington, whose real name is O'Mahoney, sang in grand opera and played Wealth in "Everywoman." Allen Holubar was an actor in the same company. Neither of them went on the stage as early as E. Mason Hopper or Frank Borzage, who were actors at fourteen. Murdock MacQuarrie went on when he was seven and Reginald Barker wrote and staged his first play at sixteen.

James Cruze went out with a medicine show when he was in his teens and before he was old enough to vote he was at the head of his own repertoire company in which appeared, for a brief engagement, that sterling actor, Eugene B. Lewis, who is now a scenario writer. Clarence Badger wrote stories for "The Youth's Companion" and J. A. Fitzgerald rode horses for Buffalo Bill.

Fred Le Roy Granville has had scarcely any experiences to speak of. He was in the United States Cavalry, lived for several years in the South Seas and then, tiring of the heat, went to Northeast Siberia, taking with him the first camera the natives of that cool land had ever seen. Paul Powell, who directs in a whisper, was once a newspaper reporter. So was Romaine Fielding, who, like Napoleon Bonaparte, was born in Corsica. Like Napoleon, he attended a military school, but there their paths diverged, for Mr. Fielding became a physician.

**HERBERT BLACHE**, who was born in England, was educated in France, and his wife, who is also a director, was born in France and educated in Switzerland. Maurice Tourneur was born and educated in France, as were Leonce Perret, Albert Capellani and George Archainbaud. Ivan Abramson, who would find quite a few changes in his old home town in Russia if he went back there now, ran the Abramson Opera Company before he began to write and direct Jacob Adler.

John S. Robertson was an actor and so was George D. Baker before he became a theatrical manager. George Melford acted on the stage and for the screen before he became a director and Henry Alexander McRae could act as best suited him. He owned his own company. Fred Niblo, another actor, a globe trotter who has played in every English-speaking country in the world, and in a few in which English is not spoken, had probably done more traveling than has the average citizen of York, Neb., which is the Niblo home port. Jimmie

Horne, who was a scenario editor before he discovered that it is easier to direct them than to write them, did not have to travel far to get into pictures. He was born in San Francisco, as was Sidney A. Franklin. His brother, Chester, was a successful artist before he got his first picture job as a Keystone cop and he made three dollars each and every day. Penryn Stanlaws, another artist, became a director without having to be an actor.

William P. S. Earle, an alumnus of Columbia, specialized in art photography, and Irvin Willat included in his activities acting, the making of decorated titles and operating a moving picture camera before becoming a director. Victor Fleming, who looks like a leading man of the husky school, was an automobile racing driver. Louis Chaudet was a barber, and a good one, and Rupert Julian, who never wears a hat, knows as much about cutting hair and shaving as anybody. Al Santell was an architect and Joe Henabery started to become one.

Hugh Ford produced plays for the Lieblers, as did Harley Knoles; George Irving was a producer for Charles Frohman for thirteen years and T. Hayes Hunter worked for David Belasco for three. J. Gordon Edwards put on more than two hundred plays in stock for William Fox at the Academy of Music in New York, and John Emerson, who was a stage director for Frohman and the Shuberts, wrote a play called "The Conspiracy," in which there is a great part for Wilton Lackaye.

**HOWARD HICKMAN** played with Sarah Bernhardt and Reggie Morris with Richard Carle. William Nigh and Wesley Ruggles were musical comedians and Phillips Smalley, Lois Weber's husband, practiced at the New York bar for seven years before going on the stage. Miss Weber, who began her professional career in concert work, became a member of his company.

Kenneth Webb, who knows the Columbia yells as well as Mr. Earle knows them, wrote musical shows before tackling the silent drama, although his voice is not so well trained as is that of James Vincent, through whose megaphone filter tones cultivated in a school of oratory and dramatic art. Wallace Worsley, formerly of Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., did not attend a school of oratory, but went to Brown University instead.

**PAT TARSNEY**, the studio encyclopedist, has related the past of actors and actresses. This month he informs you where the directors come from. In *Screenland* for December he will pry into the history of scenario writers—then the star producers.



# What the FANS WRITE to the Stars

¶ Every letter a star receives from an admirer is worth money to the star—but hundreds of letters are never answered. Why?

ENVELOPES sealed with the imprint of kisses, "please send me" letters, requests for money, clothes, photographs, autographs, prospectuses of hopeless inventions and get-rich-quick schemes—every day the Hollywood mails are crammed with these epistles to the popular stars.

What becomes of "fan" letters and "mash" notes? Do the senders ever hear from the recipient of their tender regards? If "stills" were sent out to every request that the mail man brings, studio photographers would soon be working in three shifts. And every girl-fan in the country would have her boudoir walls covered with them.

Every star has a "fan" policy. Some send out photographs and others do not. Some employ secretaries to handle the mass of correspondence that reaches them and others, in regular employ of a studio, turn it over to the organization's publicity department. For it is by the volume of a player's letters that his popularity is gauged. And then there are a few who have risen to the point of established success who ignore pleas from their admirers.

Mary Pickford's "fan" letters have gone high into the thousands each year. To satisfy every supplicant with a picture of herself was a financial problem, yet "America's sweetheart" chose not to disappoint them. So she charges fifty cents each for her photographs. The proceeds remaining from the cost of printing them go to charity.

A heavy fan mail is an asset to an independent player in getting a big salary or a fat contract. The letters also help convince film buyers of the value of such a star's name in a play because they can assure exhibitors of a

demand for it and an assured attendance. Friendship yields value in many strange ways in the movies.

A vast fund of human interest, both pathetic and laughable, is buried in the piles of letters that reach the stars.

A little girl in Texas penned an affectionate note to Mary Miles Minter, in which was written: "I am simply wild about you and I think you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw." But the envelope was addressed to Gloria Swanson. The little girl is still waiting for the picture she wanted.

Of course, the type stars portray on the screen is responsible for the sort of letters they get. Bill Hart seldom hears from sweet young things who yearn to deco-

rate their dressers with his likeness. But Rodolf Valentino and Wallace Reid receive many passionate love letters among their mail. These are usually marked "private" or "personal."

"I am coming to California," a girl in Maryland wrote Wally, "and when I get there I am going to call on you. I hope your wife hasn't any objections." A pink envelope from Pennsylvania held a card imploring Wally for a photograph of his young son, Billy. A young man in need of one thou-

sand dollars for five years at six per cent wrote Thomas Meighan that he would call at the star's home any evening and sign a note for the amount. "I've got to get it somehow," he declared.

Lila Lee gets many letters from admirers in Latin America. Her dark type of beauty seems to attract the Spanish-speaking playgoers. All of them are men.

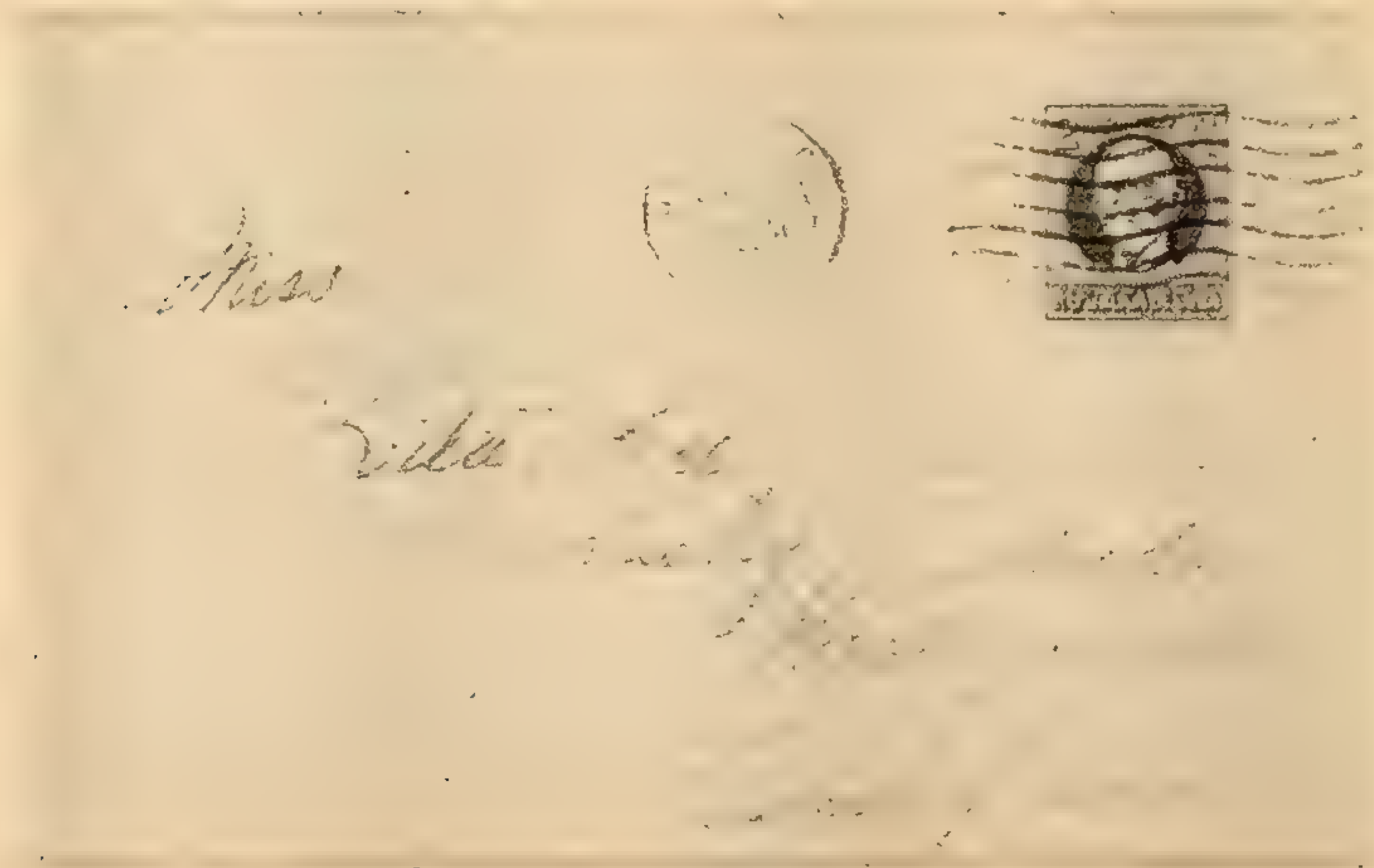
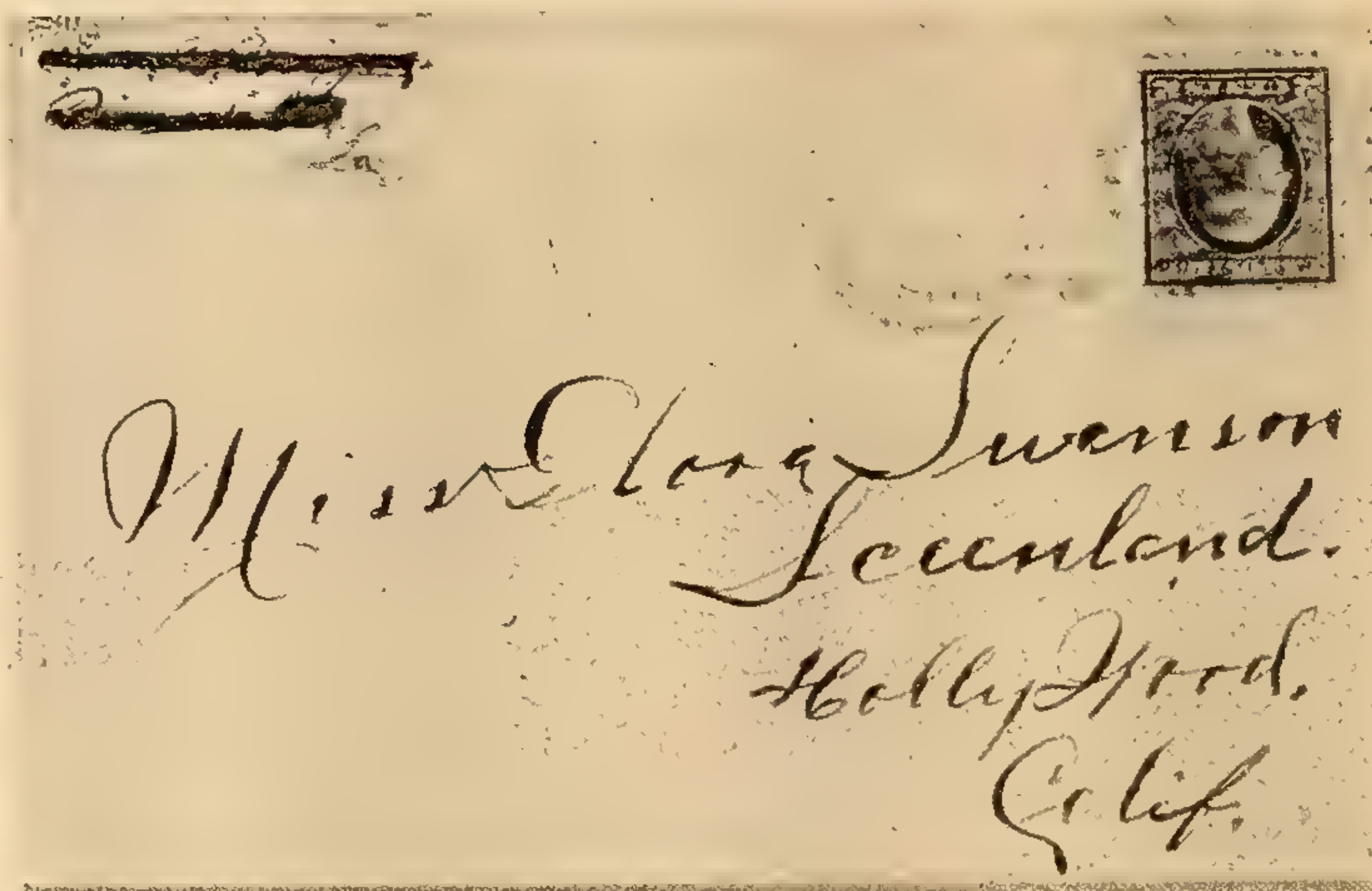
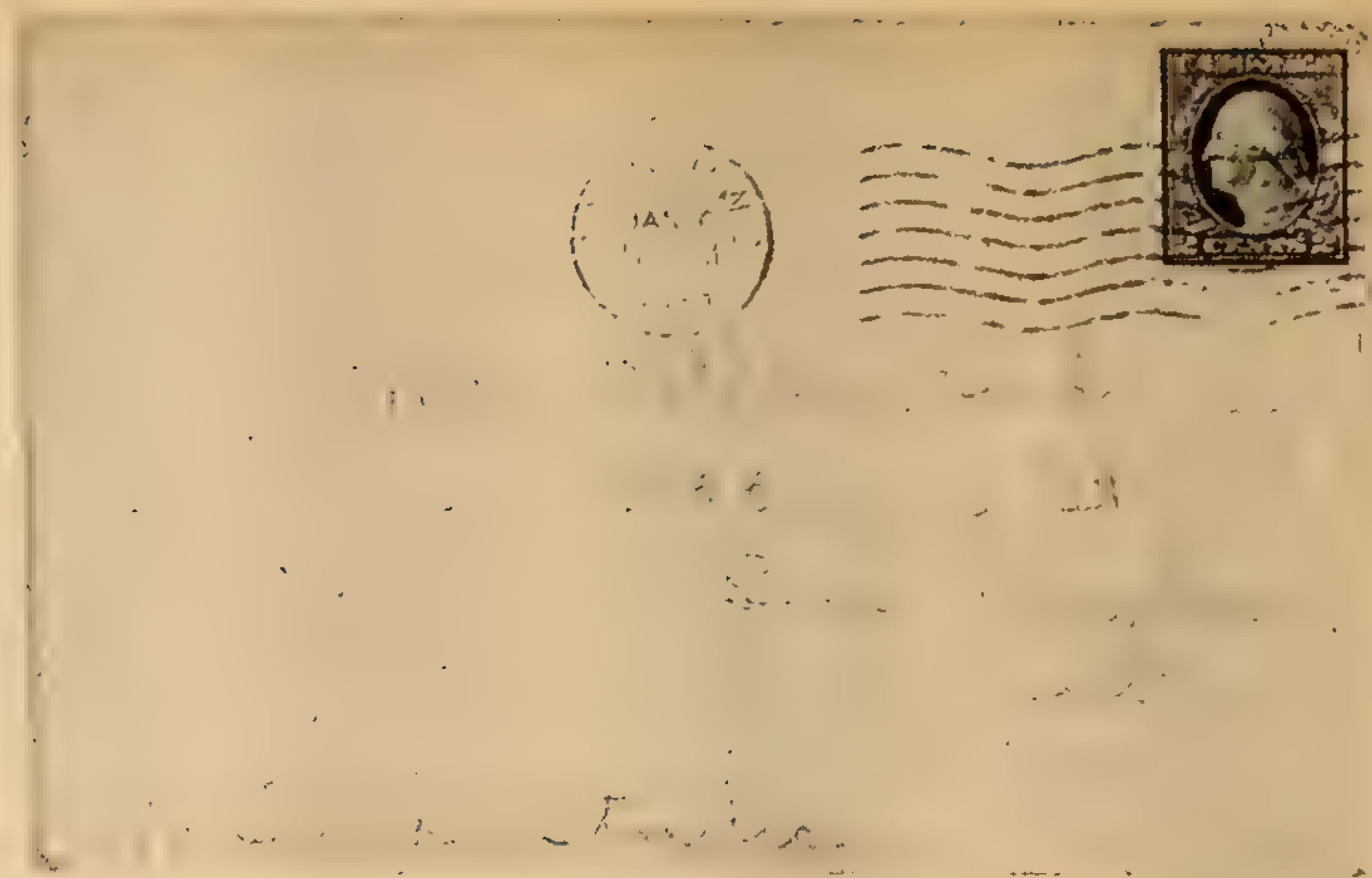
A young wife, about to become a mother, wanted baby clothes. "I have heard that you never wear the same costume twice," a letter stated. "If you have any of these I would be glad to have them for myself."

"You are so wonderful. I adore you from head to toe. I have quite a collection of pictures but I must have yours. And won't you write me a nice long letter?" came under a Delaware postmark.

One writer sent to Dorothy Dalton for Rodolf Valentino's address. Another message informed May McAvoy that Wanda Hawley was the best-looking woman on the screen. A Manila youth, who saw Bebe Daniels slain in a picture, implored her for a dated photograph so he could be sure that she was still alive.

"I have to chop wood every night after school and I want a picture of you for my little sister's piano," an eight-year-old Kansas boy explained in a message to Jack Holt.

Some girls artfully attempt to interest stars in their potential qualifications for acting. "I am eighteen years old, five feet four, weight one (Continued on page 64)





# My Trip ABROAD

By *Charlie Chaplin*

AT the gate of the Wells estate a young lad of 10 greets us with a jovial twinkling of the eye and a brisk manner. There is no mistaking him. He is H. G.'s son. There is the same molding of the structure and the same rounded face and eyes. H. G. must have looked that way at his age.

"Hello, dad," as he jumps on the running board.

"This is Charlie," H. G. introduces me.

He takes my grip. "How do?" and I make a bromide about what a fine boy he is and all that sort of thing.

Mrs. Wells is a charming little lady with keen, soft eyes that are always smiling and apparently searching and seeking something. A real gentlewoman, soft-voiced, also with humorous lines playing around her mouth.

Every one seems busy taking me into the house and once there H. G. takes me all over it, to my room, the dining-room, the sitting-room and, an extra privilege, to his study. "My workshop," he calls it.

"Here's where the great events in the history of the world took place?"

He smiles and says "Yes." The "Outline of History" was born here.

THE room is not yet finished, and it is being decorated around the fireplace by paintings made by himself and wife. "I paint a bit," he explains. There is also some tapestry woven by his mother.

"Here is a place if you want to escape when the strain is too much for you. Come here and relax." I felt that this was his greatest hospitality. But I never used the room. I had a feeling about that, too.

The study is simple and very spare of furniture. There is an old-fashioned desk and I get the general impression of books, but I can remember but one, the dictionary. Rare observation on my part to notice nothing but a dictionary, and this was so huge as it stood on his desk that I couldn't miss it.

There is a lovely view from the house of the countryside, with wide stretches of land and lovely trees; there deer are roaming around unafraid.

MRS. WELLS is getting lunch and we have it outdoors. Junior is there, the boy—I call him that already. Their conversation is rapid, flippant. Father and son have a



profound analytical discussion about the sting of a wasp as one of the insects buzzed around the table.

It is a bit strange to me and I cannot get into the spirit of it, though it is very funny. I just watch and smile. Junior is very witty. He tops his father with jokes, but I sense the fact that H. G. is playing up to him. There is a twinkle in H. G.'s eye. He is proud of his boy. He should be.

After lunch we walk about the grounds and I doze most of the afternoon in the summer house. They leave me alone and I have my nap out.

A number of friends arrive later in the evening and we are introduced all around. Most of these are literary, and the discussion is learned. St. John Ervine, the dramatist and author of "John Ferguson," came in later in the evening.

Ervine discusses the possibility of synchronizing the voice with motion pictures. He is very much interested. I explain that I don't think the voice is necessary, that it spoils the art as much as painting statuary. I would as soon rouge marble cheeks. Pictures are pantomimic art. We might as well have the stage. There would be nothing left to the imagination.

ANOTHER son comes in. He is more like his mother. We all decide to play charades and I am selected as one of the actors. I play Orlando, the wrestler, getting a lot of fun through using a coal hod as a helmet. Then Noah's Ark, with Junior imitating the different animals going into the ark, using walking sticks as horns for a stag, and putting a hat on the end of the stick for a camel, and making elephants and many other animals through adroit quick changes. I played old Noah and opened an umbrella and looked at the sky. Then I went into the ark and they guessed. Then H. G. Wells did a clog dance, and did it very well. We talked far into the night, and I marveled at Wells' vitality. We played many mental guessing games and Junior took all honors.

I WAS awakened next morning by a chorus outside my door: "We want Charlie Chaplin." This was repeated many times. They had been waiting breakfast half an hour for me.

After breakfast we played a new game of H. G.'s own invention. Every one was in it and we played it in



the barn. It was a combination of handball and tennis, with rules made by H. G. Very exciting and good fun.

Then a walk to Lady Warwick's estate. As I walk I recall how dramatic it had sounded last night as I was in bed to hear the stags bellowing, evidently their cry of battle.

The castle, with beautiful gardens going to seed, seemed very sad, yet its ruins assumed a beauty for me. I liked it better that way. Ruins are majestic.

H. G. explains that every one about is land poor. It takes on a fantastic beauty for me, this cultivation of centuries now going to seed, beautiful in its very tragedy.

Home for tea and in the evening I teach them baseball. Here is my one chance to shine. It is funny to see H. G. try to throw a curve and being caught at first base after hitting a grounder to the pitcher. H. G. pitched and his son caught. As a baseball player H. G. is a great writer. Dinner that night is perfect, made more enjoyable for our strenuous exercise. As I retire that night I think of what a wonderful holiday I am having.

**N**EXT day I must leave at 2:30 p. m., but in the morning H. G. and I take a walk and visit an old country church built in the eleventh century. A man is working on a tombstone in the churchyard engraving an epitaph.

H. G. points out the influence of the different lords of the manor on the art changes of different periods. Here the families of Lady Warwick and other notable people are buried. The tombstones show the influence of the sculpture of all periods.

We go to the top of the church and view the surrounding country and then back home for lunch. My things are all packed and H. G. and his son see me off. H. G. reminds me not to forget another engagement to dine with him and Chaliapin, the famous Russian baritone.

As I speed into town I am wondering if Wells wants to know me or whether he wants me to know him. I am certain that now I have met Wells, really met him, more than I've met any one in Europe. It's so worth while.

**I** HAD promised to attend the premiere showing of "The Kid" in Paris and I went back to the French capital as I came, via airplane. The trip was uneventful, and on landing and going to my hotel I find a message from "Doug" Fairbanks. He and Mary had arrived in Paris and were stopping at the Crillon. They asked me over for a chat, but I was too tired. "Doug" promised to attend the premiere at the Trocadero theater.

During the afternoon there came 250 souvenir programs to be autographed. These were to be sold that night for 100 francs each.

In the evening I went to the theater via the back way, but there was no escape. It was the biggest demonstration I have yet seen. For several blocks around the crowds were jammed in the streets and the gendarmes had their hands full.

Paris had declared a holiday for this occasion and as the proceeds of the entertainment were to be given to the fund for devastated France the elite of the country were there. I am introduced to Ambassador Herrick, then shown to my box and introduced to the ministers of the French Cabinet.

**I** DO not attempt to remember names, but the following list has been preserved for me by my secretary:

M. Menard, who attended on behalf of President Millerand; M. Jusserand, M. Herbet, M. Careron, M. Loucheur, minister of the liberated regions; M. Hermite, Col. and Mrs. H. H. Harjes, Miss Hope Harjes, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeley Carter, Mrs. Arthur James, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Walter Berry, M. de Errazu, Marquis de Vallambrosa, Mlle. Cecile Sorel, Rob-

ert Hostetter, M. Byron-Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Loeb, Florence O'Neill, M. Henri Lettelier, M. Georges Carpentier, Paul C. Otey, Mr. and Mrs. George Kenneth End, Prince George of Greece, Princess Xenia, Prince Christopher, Lady Sarah Wilson, Mrs. Elsa Maxwell, Princess Sutzo, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Albert P. Niblack, Comte and Comtesse Cardelli, Duchess de Talleyrand, Col. and Mrs. N. D. Jay, Col. Bunau Varila, Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, Marquis and Marquise de Chambrun, Miss Viola Cross, Miss Elsie De Wolf, Marquis and Marquise de Dampierre and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rousseau.

**M**Y box is draped with American and British flags, and the applause is so insistent that I find I am embarrassed. But there is a delicious tingle to it and I am feeling now what Doug felt when his "Three Musketeers" was shown. The programs which I autographed during the afternoon are sold immediately and the audience wants more. I autograph as many more as possible.

I am photographed many times and I sit in a daze through most of it, at one time going back stage, though I don't know why, except that I was photoed there, too.

The picture was shown, but I did not see much of it. There was too much to be seen in that audience.

At the end of the picture there came a messenger from the Minister: "Would I come to his box and be decorated?" I almost fell out of my box.

I grew sick. What would I say? There was no chance to prepare. I had visions of the all-night preparation for my speech in Southampton. This would be infinitely worse. I couldn't even think clearly. Why do I pick out stunts like that? I might have known that something would happen.

**B**UT the floor would not open up for me to sink through and there was no one in this friendly audience who could help me in my dilemma and the messenger was waiting politely, though I imagined just a bit impatiently, so, summoning what courage I had, I went to the box with about the same feeling as a man approaching the guillotine.

I am presented to everybody. He makes a speech. It is translated for me, but very badly. While he was speaking I tried to think of something neat and appropriate, but all my thoughts seemed trite. I finally realized that he was finished and I merely said: "Merci," which, after all, was about as good as I could have done.

And, believe me, I meant "Merci" both in French and in English.

But the applause is continuing. I must say something, so I stand up in the box and make a speech about the motion-picture industry and tell them that it is a privilege for us to make a presentation for such a cause as that of devastated France.

**S**OMEHOW they liked it, or made me believe they did. There was a tremendous demonstration and several bearded men kissed me before I could get out. But I was blocked in and the crowd wouldn't leave. At last the lights were turned out, but still they lingered. Then there came an old watchman who said he could take us through an unknown passage that led to the street.

We followed him and managed to escape, though there was still a tremendous crowd to break through in the street. Outside I meet Cami, who congratulates me, and together we go to the Hotel Crillon to see "Doug" and Mary.

Mary and "Doug" are very kind in congratulating me, and I tell them of my terrible conduct during the presentation of the decoration. I knew that I was wholly inadequate for the occasion. I keep mumbling of my



*faux-pas* and they try to make me forget my misery by telling me that General Pershing is in the next room.

I'll bet the General never went through a battle like the one I passed through that night.

**T**HEN they wanted to see the decoration, which reminded me that I had not yet looked at it myself. So I unrolled the parchment and "Doug" read aloud the magic words from the Minister of Instruction of the public and beaux arts which made Charles Chaplin, dramatist, artist, an officier de l'instruction publique.

We sit there until three in the morning discussing it, and then I go back to my hotel tired but rather happy. That night was worth all the trip to Europe.

At the hotel there was a note from Skaya. She had been to the theater to see the picture. She sat in the gallery and saw "The Kid," taking time off from her work.

Her note: "I saw picture. You are a grand man. My heart is joy. You must be happy. I laugh—I cry. Skaya."

This little message was not the least of my pleasures that night.

Elsie de Wolf was my hostess at luncheon next day at the Villa Trianon, Versailles, a most interesting and enjoyable occasion, where I met some of the foremost poets and artists.

**R**ETURNING to Paris,

I met Henry Wales and we take a trip through the Latin quarter together. That night I dine with Cami, Georges Carpentier and Henri Letellier. Carpentier asks for an autograph and I draw him a picture of my hat, shoes, cane and mustache, my implements of trade. Carpentier, not to be outdone, draws for me a huge fist incased in a boxing glove.

I am due back in England next day to lunch with Sir Philip Sasson and to meet Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Rock-Savage, Lady Diana Manners and many other prominent people are to be among the guests, and I am looking forward to the luncheon eagerly.

We are going back by airplane, though Carl Robinson lets me know that he prefers some other mode of travel. On this occasion I am nervous and I say frequently that I feel as though something is going to happen. This does not make a hit with Carl.

We figure that by leaving at 8 o'clock in the morning we can make London by 11 o'clock, which will give me plenty of time to keep my engagement.

**B**UT we haven't been up long before we were lost in the fog over the channel and were forced to make a landing on the French coast, causing a delay of two hours. But we finally made it, though I was two hours late for my engagement, and the thought of keeping Lloyd George and those other people waiting was ghastly.

Our landing in England was made at the Croydon aerodrome, and there was a big automobile waiting outside, around which were several hundred people. The aerodrome officials, assuming that the car was for me, hustled me into it and it was driven off.

But it was not mine, and I found that I was not being

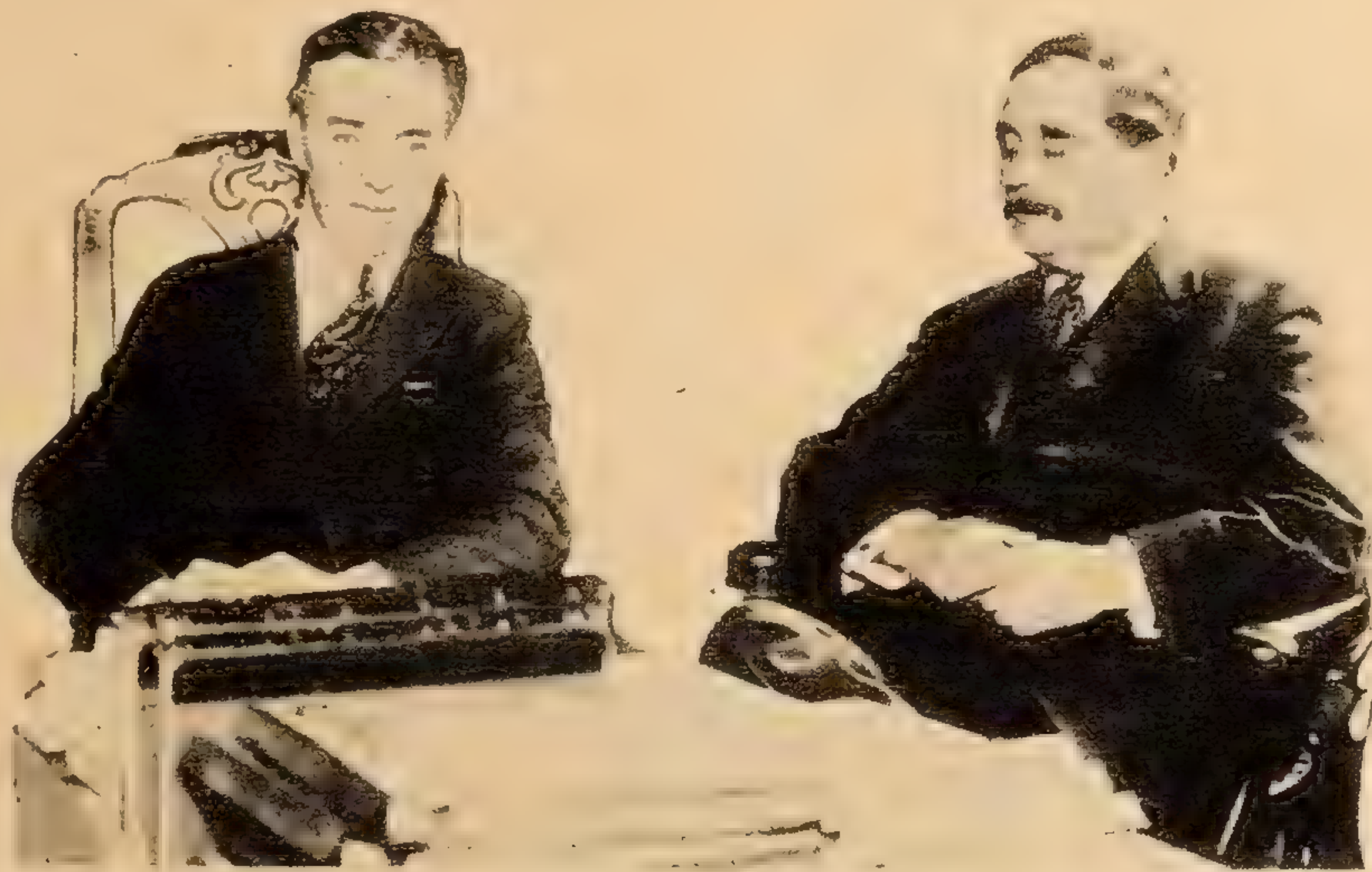
driven to the Ritz, but to the Majestic Theater in Clapham.

The chauffeur wore a mustache, and though he looked familiar I did not recognize him. But very dramatically he removed the mustache.

"I am Castleton Knight. A long time ago you promised me to visit my theater. I have concluded that the only way to get you there is to kidnap you. So kindly consider yourself kidnapped."

I couldn't help but laugh, even as I thought of Lloyd George, and I assured Mr. Knight that he was the first one who had ever kidnapped me. So we went to the theater and I stayed an hour and surprised both myself and the audience by making a speech.

Back at my hotel, Sir Philip meets me and tells me that Lloyd George couldn't wait, that he had a most important engagement at 4 o'clock. I explained the airplane situation to Sir Philip and he was very kind. I feel that it was most unfortunate, for it was my only opportunity to meet Lloyd George in these times, and I love to meet interesting personages. I would like to meet Lenin, Trotsky and the Kaiser.



*An intimacy quickly developed after Chaplin's first meeting with H. G. Wells, celebrated novelist and historian. Anecdotes told by Chaplin of the strange friendship between these two incongruously different men contain peculiar interest. This photograph was made in Wells' "workshop" during a week-end visit of Charlie at Wells' country estate.*

**T**HIS is to be my last night in England, and I have promised to dine and spend the evening with my Cousin Aubrey. One feels dutiful to one's cousin.

I also discover that this is the day I am to meet Chaliapin and H. G. Wells. I phone H. G. and explain

that this is my last day, and of my promise to my cousin. H. G. is very nice. He understands. You can only do these things with such people.

My cousin calls for me at dusk in a taxi and we ride to his home in Bayswater. London is so beautiful at this hour, when the first lights are being turned on, and each light to me is symbolical. They all mean life, and I wish sometimes I could peer behind all these lighted windows.

Reaching Aubrey's home, I notice a number of people on the other side of the street, standing in the shadows. They must be reporters, I think, and am slightly annoyed that they should find me even here. But my cousin explains hesitatingly that they are just friends of his waiting for a look at me. I feel mean and naughty about this as I recall that I had requested him not to make a party of my visit.

**I** JUST wanted a family affair, with no visitors, and these simple souls on the other side of the street were respecting my wishes. I relent and tell Aubrey to ask them over, anyway. They are all quite nice, simple tradesmen, clerks, etc.

Aubrey has a saloon, or at least a hotel, as he calls it, in the vicinity of Bayswater, and later in the evening I suggest that we go there and take his friends with us. Aubrey is shocked.

"No, not around to my place." Then they all demur. They don't wish to intrude. I like this. Then I insist. They weaken. He weakens.

We go to a pub in a very respectable part of Bayswater and enter the bar. The place is doing a flourishing business. There are a number of pictures of my brother



"Syd" and myself all over the walls, in character and straight. The place is packed tonight. It must be a very popular resort.

"What will you have?" I feel breezy. "Give the whole saloon a drink." Aubrey whispers: "Don't let them know you are here." He says this for me.

But I insist. "Introduce me to all of them." I must get him more custom. He starts quietly whispering to some of his very personal friends: "This is my cousin. Don't say a word."

I speak up rather loudly. "Give them all a drink." I feel a bit vulgar tonight. I want to spend money like a drunken sailor. Even the customers are shocked. They hardly believe that it's Charlie Chaplin, who always avoids publicity, acting in this vulgar way.

**T**O the house for dinner, after which some one brings forth an old family album. It is just like all other family albums.

"This is your great-granduncle and that is your great-grandmother. This is Aunt Lucy. This one was a French general."

Aubrey says: "You know we have quite a good family on your father's side." There are pictures of uncles who are very prosperous cattle ranchers in South Africa. Wonder why I don't hear from my prosperous relations.

Aubrey has children, a boy of 12, whom I have never met before. A fine boy. I suggest educating him. We talk of it at length and with stress. "Let's keep up family tradition." He may be a member of Parliament or perhaps president. He's a bright boy."

We dig up all the family and discuss them. The uncles in Spain, why, we Chaplins have populated the earth.

When I came I told Aubrey that I could stay only two hours, but it is 4 a. m., and we are still talking. As we leave, Aubrey walks with me toward the Ritz.

**W**E hail a Ford truck on the way and a rather dandified young Johnny, a former officer, gives us a lift.

"Right you are. Jump on." A new element, these dandies driving trucks. Some of them graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, of good families, most of them, impecunious aristocrats. Perhaps it is the best thing that could happen to such families.

This chap is very quiet and gentle. He talks mostly of his truck and his marketing, which he thinks is quite a game. He has been in the grocery business since the war and has never made so much money. We get considerable of his story as we jolt along in the truck.

He is providing groceries for all his friends in Bayswater, and every morning at 4 o'clock he is on his way

to the market. He loves the truck. It is so simple to drive.

**"HALF** a mo." He stops talking and pulls up for gas at a pretty little white-tiled gas station. The station is all lit up, though it is but 5 a. m.

"Good morning. Give me about five gal."

"Right-o!"

The lad recognizes me. And greets me frankly, though formally. It seems so strange to me to hear this truck driver go along conversing in the easiest possible manner.

He spoke of films for just a bit and then discreetly stopped, thinking perhaps that I might not like to talk about them. And, besides, he liked to talk about his truck.

He told us how wonderful it was to drive along in the early morning with only the company of dawn and the stars. He loved the silent streets, sleeping London. He was enterprising, full of hopes and ambitions. Told how he bartered. He knew how. His was a lovely business.

He was smoking a pipe and wore a Trilby hat, with a sort of frock coat, and his neck was wrapped in a scarf. I figured him to be about 30 years of age.

**I** NUDGED my cousin. Would he accept anything? We hardly know whether or not to offer it, though he is going out of his way to drive me to the Ritz.

He has insisted that it is no trouble, that he can cut through to Covent Garden. No trouble. I tell the gas man to fill it up and I insist on paying for the gas.

We cut through to Piccadilly and pull up at the Ritz in a Ford truck. Quite an arrival.

The lad bids us good-by. "Delighted to have met you. Hope you have a bully time. Too bad you are leaving. Bon voyage. Come back in the spring. London is charming then. Well, I must be off. I'm late. Good morning."

We talk him over on the steps as he drives away. He is the type of an aristocrat that must live. He is made of the stuff that marks the true aristocrat. He is an inspiration. He talked just enough, never too much. The intonation of his voice and his

sense of beauty as he appreciated the dawn stamped him as of the elite—the real elite, not the blue-book variety.

**L**OVING adventure, virtuous, doing something all the time, and loving the doing. What an example he is! He has two stores. This is his first truck. He loves it. He is the first of his kind that I have met. This is my last night in England. I am glad that it brought me this contact with real nobility.

(The concluding installment will appear in the December issue of SCREENLAND.)



*Georges Carpentier*  
*par lui-même*

Fraternizing with other celebrities was Charlie's greatest delight while abroad. It was while dining at a cafe in the Latin Quarter of Paris that Georges Carpentier scrawled this fantastic autograph, to represent a fist encased in a boxing glove. Above, Georges Carpentier, Cami, the French cartoonist and Charlot Chaplin.



## The PICTURE of the Month

THIS page is for the great American non-playgoer; for the man and the woman who, after seeing a few unfortunately selected movies, have relegated all of them to a limbo below the level of their tastes.



MOVIE fans with tastes jaded by the rich spice of trip-hammer drama and pictorial novelty may not enthuse at the tranquil flow of the master-novelist's mirrored story. But the great American non-playgoer, who spends most of his evenings under the library lamp, will not regret the sacrifice of one of them by visiting a picture theatre. *Oliver Twist* is one of the few screen offerings without the prevailing movie "twist."

That musty atmosphere of wood-cut illustrations and of mildewed volumes so dear to Dickens' lovers is recorded faithfully. But in reincarnating the story there comes a Jackie Coogan in a juvenile costume of that period when youths addressed their elders as "sir." And it is as disappointing to Coogan lovers as conscientious treatment

of the story is pleasing to Dickens' lovers. It removes the genius of this child-actor from his charming babyhood.

Almost every boy or girl eight years old can tell you that Jackie is a screen comedian. Thus it is surprising that he has been deprived of chance to exert his greatest appeal by the variety of screenable humor in *Oliver Twist*. A "touched-up" screen version would have mutilated Dickens but it would have improved Coogan.

For it is in his merrier moods that Jackie attracts children. And the children are entitled to a measure of consideration. Sex drama, spectacles and sophisticated farce is beyond them. Jackie is rightfully theirs and the younger ones, to whom sub-titles are but annoying interruptions, want that tattered, mischievous waif in a ragged cap to play to them as well as to the grown-ups.



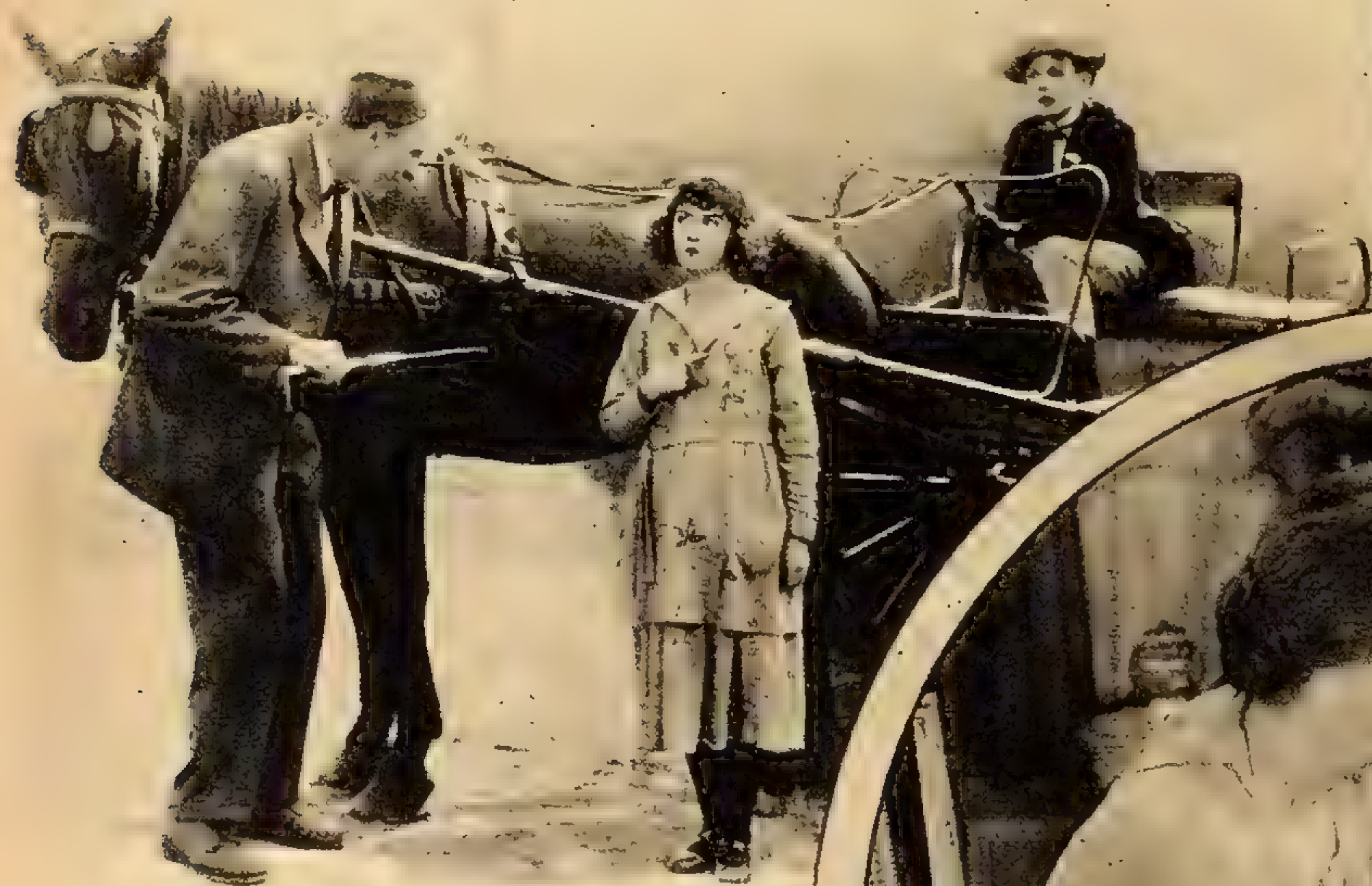
# Little HINTS for PLAYGOERS



THE MASQUERADER—First National

IN most studios, the scenario editor keeps a mallet hanging within reach for writers who bring in stories based on the coincidence of two persons looking alike. But Guy Bates Post has, in his first screen offering, given us this bromidic situation. But *The Masquerader* is so well handled by Director Richard Walton Tully, its author, that it surpasses any ordinary photoplay of similar plot.

An unusually well-chosen cast supports Post, including Ruth Sinclair, Edward M. Kimball, Marcia Manon, Barbara Tennant and Herbert Standing.



THE COUNTRY FLAPPER—Gish

THE only excuse for this picture is that it admits its lack of plot, otherwise, not even the pantomime of Dorothy Gish could save it from being stupid. The titles are the only bright spots, but they wane very soon. Glenn Hunter is the slipper and ideal porch petter. If you don't mind being grownup, this baby food might appeal to you.



THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA

—Paramount.

A GERMAN importation—but this need not cause our American producers any anxiety. You will be asleep before you find out what all the mystery is about. However, there is some good acting to recommend it. The cast includes Mia May.



HEART'S HAVEN—Federal

BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON calls on the old hope-and-faith chest, producing another imitation *Miracle Play*. Only in this instance they've changed the sex and cut the garments to fit Mother instead of the grand old man of the first and only good miracle play we ever saw. If only every mother-in-law in real life could work the wonders this one does! A rehash of old hokum, but presented with a certain artistry of touch that characterizes Mr. Hampton's productions when he's in this philosophic mood. Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort are pretty puppets, but Claire McDowell as Mother the *Miracle Lady*, steals the picture. Her work has dignity and sincerity that give structure to the whole fabrication.



(Right)

**MARRIED PEOPLE—Hodkinson**

**NELL MARIE DACE**, a stenographer, was awarded \$10,000 by a Chicago newspaper for her scenario of *Married People*, starring Mabel Ballin, the girl with the Benda eyes. Whether the story was worth that much money is something the individual will have to judge for himself. We are of the opinion it was not. *Married People* consists of regular movie hash without garnishings. It is conventional, lacks suspense and dramatic interest, and adds nothing really new to filmdom. An exceptionally well-chosen cast supports Miss Ballin, whose acting is not sincere enough and becomes mediocre in the few dramatic scenes the play affords. The photography is very satisfying, the sets artistic. Hugo Ballin directed the picture, which is the best thing to be said for it.



(Below)

**THE SIREN CALL—Paramount**

**FANS** accustomed to associate stories of the Northwest with buckets of blood, half-breed villains and fluffy dogs, will find Dorothy Dalton's latest vehicle running almost true to form. The first two reels rival a hot-water bag as a sleep producer. Action then speeds up some. Dorothy Dalton makes the best of her role and is supported by David Powell, Edward J. Brady and Michell Lewis. A Northern picture that may appeal to Southerners.


**THE DUST FLOWER—Goldwyn**

**ANOTHER** romantic little Cinderella fairy-tale. My, how many clothes that popular child has! Basil King togs her out in new garments, with a fairy godfather in the person of that consummate actor, Claude Gillingwater, but his story is the same old hokum, nevertheless. Helene Chadwick is quite adorable and almost makes you believe it's so.



(Left)

**HURRICANE'S GAL  
—First National**

**DOROTHY PHILLIPS** returns to the screen on the bounding waves of a smashing good melodrama. No pink tea fight is this hurricane of a tempestuous miss and her contraband-ship, spectacular fires at sea and falling aeroplanes. With the aid of the U. S. Navy and wireless stations, Allen Holubar puts over an old tale in modern guise, with a thrill-a-minute schedule. The splendid characterization of Dorothy Phillips, who inherits a contraband-ship and a predilection for guns, and the presence of the schooners and real naval officers in the sea-fights give the melodrama much of its appeal. Of one thing be sure—there's no fake about it.







THE RIDDLE OF THE RANGE—Pathé

FROM the Western range to underground Hindu temples, Ruth Roland dashes and fights her way to success in her latest serial. It's full of fights and thrills and serialsque action. It wouldn't be a bad idea for some of our beautiful-but-dumb stars to imbibe a bit of Ruth's animation. She performs feats of real athletic skill, makes her face behave and chases a good deal of melodrama out of its lair. What more could the kids want?

TREAT 'EM ROUGH—Metro

NO rose-petal life is Viola Dana's when she goes out and buys herself a guaranteed-not-to-run husband for one hundred dollars. But you can't expect a nice, gentle hubby, with the premium of a good time thrown in, for that price, and Viola finds she has bought more than she bargained for. But hubby refuses to be sold again second-hand, and thus complications enter the transaction. Not a bad little farce. Of course you know all along it's only fooling and that William Lawrence will emerge from his beard and take orders like all good husbands.



REMEMBRANCE—Goldwyn

RUPERT HUGHES' father-play is like a breath of fresh ozone after the scandal parade and misunderstood wives that have been marching across the screen lately. Here he does for Pop what he did for Mom in "The Old Nest," but with less lachrymose effects. A good story, well-told and without too much mawkish sentimentality. But with Claude Gillingwater as Pop, how could Patsy Ruth Miller and the remainder of the cast help but shine at their best? He is one stage actor whom we hope the screen will keep.



THE GHOST BREAKER  
—Paramount

THERE is neither comedy, drama nor good, red melo in this unfortunate picture. Wallie Reid, with sang froid and puckered lips, does his best to sustain a thread of interest in a deliriously scattered yarn. This is a sort of movie that makes harness menders and second maids think that they can become scenario writers.



**THE OLD HOMESTEAD—Paramount**

THE profusion of heart-touching human interest, lavished by a fine cast of players, brings this old-time "melo" little short of a screen masterpiece. Every character binds the interest, but above them all rises Theodore Roberts as "Uncle Josh" in one of the keenest parts the forty-year veteran has ever played on the screen. The life of the early eighties finds little sympathy from today's generation, which will fill most of the theatre seats, so again, as in *Way Down East*, we see the hint of mockery in semi-burlesque. So go not to revere and admire but to chuckle.


**THE VEILED WOMAN—  
Renco-Hodgkinson**

BENEATH the lurid box-office title, Myrtle Reed's novel, *Spinners in the Sun*, is presented with a wealth of pathos which somehow grips you, in spite of the spectral veiled lady weirdly present. It isn't a pink silk and tissue lace picture—it is murky, and the procession of the veiled woman has at times a grotesque effect. Nevertheless, it is well done on the whole and marks Marguerite Snow's return to the screen. Whether she acts well or not we can't say, for she doesn't shed her veil until the last scenes. Which makes it an easy job for Marguerite. (And here's a suggestion for other producers—why not put more of their actresses behind the veil?)


**BURNING SANDS—Paramount**

DISCRIMINATING playgoers will be disappointed in this tin-panny, Sheik-flavored offering. It possesses picturesque scenes of white-robed Arabs performing assorted iniquity and gives Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley unconvincing roles. A striking instance of a supporting player "stealing the picture" occurs in the conspicuously excellent performance of Jacqueline Logan as Lizette, a girl of Cairo's night life. A few dollars more worth of story-building would have made of this an attractive entertainment—even though it is an encore to *The Sheik*.

**WHEN SUMMER COMES—  
Sennett-First National**

WITH Billy Bevan, Mildred June and an elongated Ford Mack Sennett shakes up another comedy cocktail. Of course, it hasn't any sense, but who wants sense in a comedy? We recommend this for bad cases of pessimists.



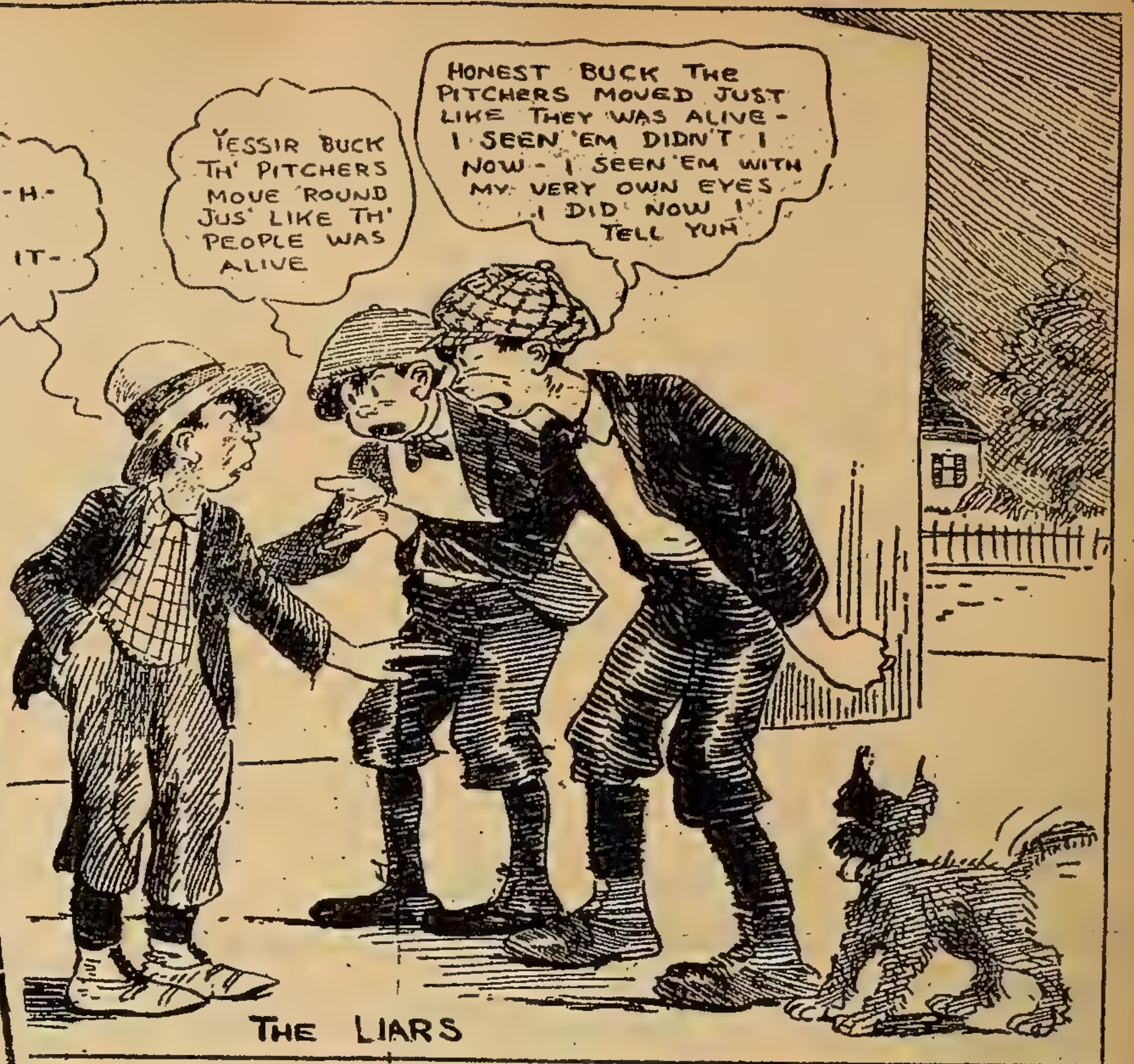
# Movie Cartoons of the month

STUNTS THAT ARE MISSING IN  
THE OHIO MOVIES  
*Bushnell in the Marion Tribune.*



## A SUPER-SPECIAL

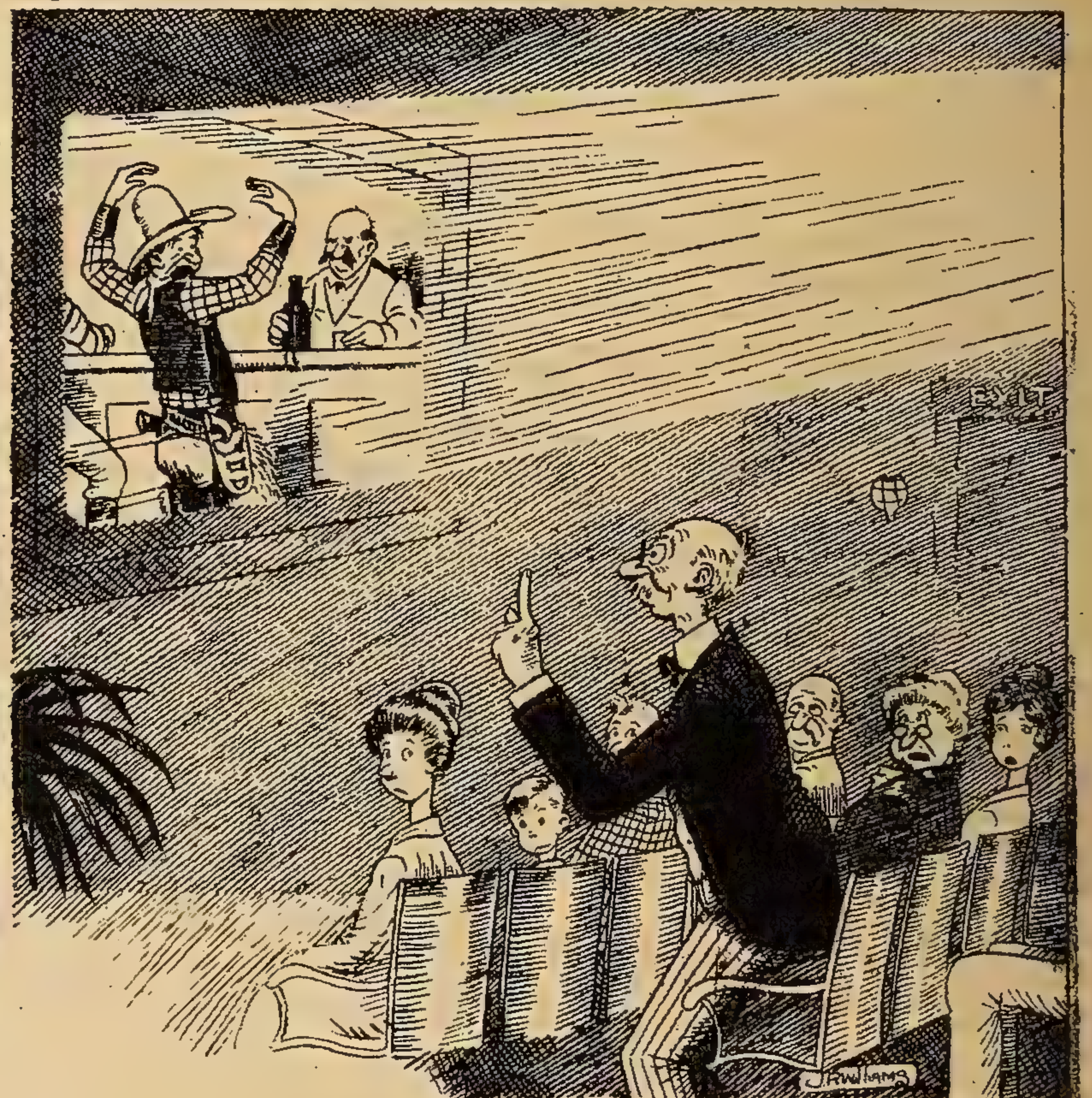
Movie Magnate—In your next production I want you to create an air of great luxury.  
Director—All right, I'll have the star pick an orchid to pieces while she says, "He loves me; he loves me not."  
*Peters in Life.*



## THE LIARS

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT  
*Briggs in New York Tribune.*

What is the best movie cartoon you have seen in your newspaper? If it made you laugh, clip it and mail it to The Cartoon Editor, Screenland, Hollywood, California, so that other readers may enjoy it with you.



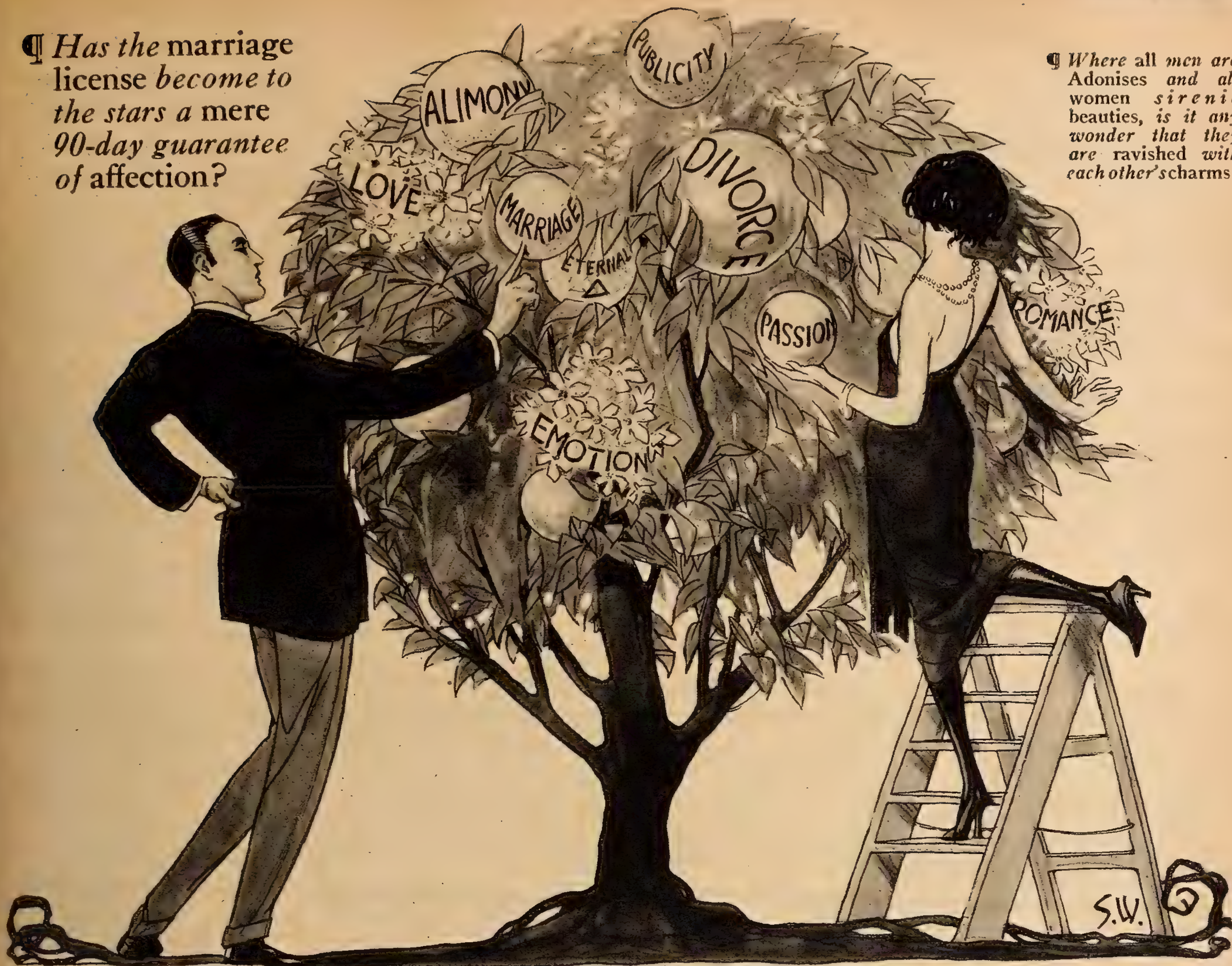
## OUT OUR WAY

Old absent-minded Doc Teeters nearly disgraced the whole family when the movie villain invited everybody up to the bar for a drink.  
*Williams in Helena (Montana) Independent.*



¶ *Has the marriage license become to the stars a mere 90-day guarantee of affection?*

¶ *Where all men are Adonises and all women sirenic beauties, is it any wonder that they are ravished with each other's charms?*



¶ *"As with our amazing orange groves, it is beautiful to see a tree bearing both fruit and flower at the self-same time—the flower preparing for the next season's crop while the fruit consummates that of the previous season!"*

# Marriage in the MOVIES

By Alma Whitaker

Illustration by Sutton Wood

**O**F COURSE, it is entirely proper that Mr. Will Hays and the producers' association should strive to convince us that ninety-nine per cent of the film folk are steeped in domesticated proprieties and have no eyes for other than their own fond spouses; that they are, in fact, just like the rest of us: tenderly content with such measure of romance as it has pleased a wise Providence to concede us, and blissfully loving the silken shackles of perpetual double harness—one life, one love through all eternity.

But after all, it is the ardent, tempestuous, temperamental, passionately romantic one per cent that keeps the public in a pleasant state of shocked vicarious palpitation. It is a pretty slow week for the news-reading public that doesn't see at least one bright particular star in the legal

throes of love agony, writhing in the sweet tortures of officially burying one *grande* passion while actually in the birth pangs of a new. It would affront our nicer traditions of propriety not to register at least a *soupçon* of shocked concern or contribute at least a caustically cynical reflection of disapproval—but actually, deep in our warm, indecent hearts, *our sympathy is theirs!*

**V**ARIETY is the spice of life, anyway. Besides, how absurd to expect these ardent romanticists to stay *put*. Where all are so utterly fascinating, so unutterably replete in all the charms, where the men are all Adonises and the women all sirenic beauties, I ask you is it any wonder that they are ravished with each others' charms, that each



new, beauteous human appearing within their aura seems more utterly desirable than the last? On the whole, when we appreciate the peculiarly provocative circumstances under which these superlatively attractive persons meet each other, the wonder is that they can ever concentrate on one love *long enough to get a divorce and remarry*. In fact, it is comparatively easy for us to understand their plethora of new loves. Our only trouble is to discover how they ever could have discarded the old.

For instance, we can quite appreciate how Mary could love Douglas as well as Owen, and it seemed so hard to have to believe all those unpleasant things about Owen in order that Mary might shed him for Douglas, or all those unpleasant things about Douglas that his former wife might release him in favor of Mary. Especially after we had sighed soulfully over lovely stills of Doug and the first Mrs. Doug with dear, little Doug junior, and over equally engaging stills of Mary and Owen in their home garden. It troubles us to think that the first Mrs. Doug had ceased to appreciate Doug's charms, just because Mary had begun to appreciate them too. Or that Owen should have ceased to adore Mary just because Mary adored Doug, or even that Mary should have ceased to appreciate the established charms of Owen when Doug appeared within her orbit. Our sympathies are called upon to be so violently partisan so very temporarily and it's very confusing.

**IT** CAN be seen that the whole secret of successful passionate romanticism is in at least temporary but exceeding fervent concentration. One mustn't leave a shred of it hanging over on to the previous great and eternal love. All or nothing while it lasts, you understand.

But it is a great factor in the development of Art. You may have observed that both Doug and Charlie rose to higher flights of superfection in their Art directly they had succumbed to the lures of a grand passion. Not until Charlie Chaplin's blisteringly swift-burning affair with Mildred Harris was he proclaimed the greatest dramatic actor in our time. No, sirs. Before that he was just a slapstick comedian. His loves up to that time had been too discreetly mild. But with the advent of Mildred, supplanting what we had fondly hoped was a budding romance with Edna, he just leapt into fame. And by the time the Mildred passion was dead and expensively buried, and hectic rumors anent Mays and Claires started booming, even the highest-browed world critics were prepared to proclaim Charlie the superlative leader of his profession.

Mildred herself had sighed in the more modest ranks of her Art until the passionate Charlie incident. After that, with her love dying in splendid pain, she was heralded as *an honest-to-goodness actress*.

That is probably the whole secret. Art demands that it be won by passionate heart-suffering. And there can be no great and noble suffering where there has been no passionately furious love. It has been much the same with all geniuses through history. They just had to love ardently and have their hearts utterly crushed and mangled half a dozen times before the real merit of their genius captured the world.

**TAKE** Pauline Frederick. Do you suppose she could have achieved the standing in the profession that has been hers if she had remained an unloved virgin woman? One marriage, one passion and one disastrous heart-break set her feet upon the road. The second sent her salary whizzing up to dizzy heights. Oh, Willard Mack can take some credit to himself for that. And now, with a nice new medical husband, one of two alternatives confront her. Either she will retire into sweet perpetual domes-

ticity with her doctor-husband No. 3, settling down to hearth and home and suburban righteousness, or, by breaking her heart just once more, she may rise to heights undreamed of as an emotional dramatic actress of real class. We have seen for ourselves that the secure, mildly happy marital suburban home stuff affords *positively no urge* for greater and vaster development of genius.

Jack Pickford is getting along pretty well with his sumptuous romantic love experiences. Without them I fear he would merely have remained Mary's brother. But that family knows the value of heart-throbs and heart-breaks—even Lottie has done her bit towards maintaining the loftily emotional family traditions.

Of course, when we come to Gloria Swanson, we have another glittering example. Even Gloria's mamma courageously contributed to the family romance. Gloria herself grows professionally more distinguished with every heart pang. She, too, married for passionate love, accepting the private name of Mrs. Sanborn with sweet sacrificial docility in the great cause of romance. And she "experienced maternity" to round it out with that completeness which the novelists and sentimentalists assure us consecrates the union. But an inexorable Fate, for the sake of her Art, snatched this pangful passionate marital love from her that greater genius might be born in suffering. But she is not going to be allowed to wilt in her bereaved sorrow. Instinctively we feel another *grande* passion looming on the horizon for Gloria, directly the gentleman can shed his own former grand passion. In the meantime, Mr. Sanborn has been doing what he can to bring solace to Peggy Hopkins Joyce—that young lady whose various millionairy heart-pangs and ruthless romantic debacles are rapidly fitting her for great emotional roles—ahem! So you see nobody's love is allowed to go to waste—it is merely a case of fertile transplanting—the separating and cutting-back processes that make for the greater glory of the well-cared-for garden.

**BLANCHE SWEET** and Marshall Neilan (although his bungalow is too small to hold them both) are still insisting upon the vitality of their romance. But one does feel that the gardener is at work, pruning, cutting out the dead wood—and preparing for a little repotting. And, as with our amazing orange groves, it is beautiful to see a tree bearing both fruit and flower at the self-same time—the flower preparing for the next year's crop, while the fruit consummates that of the previous season.

So far, Bebe Daniels has not been officially and maritally proclaimed amongst the ranks of the great romanticists. But as her fame grows we feel the great romantic influences at work. Whether Peggy took Jack Dempsey away from Bebe or Bebe took Jack away from Peggy is somewhat confused in our minds—but anyway it seems evident that the champion pugilist is some sort of an instrument of romantic Fate for the greater glory of these young women's professional genius.

The Gish girls have been a trifle slow in culling the expansive inspiration of romance and its heart-breaks. However, Dorothy took a header not so very long ago which may yet help along the exquisitely painful path of genius. So far, there is marked evidence of conservatism and maternal guidance.

But Constance Talmadge snatched the passionate romance and the exquisite suffering almost in one mouthful. Why should her millionaire tobacconist husband begrudge her this tremendous inspiration in her Art? He should be humbly grateful that Fate chose him as the worthy instrument. Connie, you will observe, is already benefiting by the hectic emotional heart-breaking experience—we have her publicity man's word for it that her Art is greater than ever before.



**J**UST what the Natalie-Buster romance will bring forth we have yet to learn—strictly as regards Art, of course. But the stories of their idealic and irreproachable romance leaves us in fear that Buster Keaton will never be heralded as the world's greatest emotional actor like Charlie Chaplin. He doesn't seem to be getting any noble suffering in anywhere.

And, for the nonce, Norma Talmadge is content to lavish untold love on Natalie's baby. That is quite an innovation. After all, one can get a good deal of very righteous anguish by loving a baby, without the sting. Who knows but what Norma may have discovered a new and less conspicuous form of emotional inspiration for Art?

Of course, David Wark Griffith is imbued with so much masterly discretion that we can't be sure whether the inspiration and genius which have made him "the greatest film director in the world" (*vide* advertisement) was an Act of God, or followed the romantically emotional processes so necessary to lesser Art. You see, one really can't believe all one hears—so we can't positively prove anything by him.

But we have seen what romantic heart-breaks have done for James Young. Clara Kimball was James' second exquisitely romantically painful venture. Then came the second Clara to be offered up on the altar of James' emotional and artistic development. The second Clara told mutual friends that James' heart still belonged to the first Clara and that she herself had merely been a hectic reactional interlude. Anyway, James' heart was broken for the third time—and now it looks as though Director Young's Art has reached that state where just one more grand passion, preferably with an unhappy denouement, will set him up on the dizzy heights.

And as Miss Virginia Fair, so fragile and lily-like, is still on the unsatisfactory "only nearly" rung of the ladder of fame, it may be that some tremendous romance will sweep her into glory pretty soon.

**B**ILL HART is trying to do the thing sentimentally, cautiously, painlessly. But you may have observed that Bill married just about the time he temporarily ceased making new pictures. His Art was in dire need of a fillip. While things went along in domestic bliss, there was no noticeable change. But now that the aromatic pain and suffering have set in, behold the announcement that Bill will resume picture making—and burst upon us with

greater, finer glory. But if Bill has really "suffered," if for a violent emotional spell he endured all the pangs of agonies of "love and the world well lost," if he has experienced the violent "cutting back, pruning, bulb separating" that ruthless gardeners practice for the greater glory of their gardens,—well, just you watch Bill grow. The separating, in fact, seems already to have set in.

The question of Wally Reid is rather delicate. Wally *looks* the part. He even acts it quite naturally at times. Yet under the particular circumstances of his attachment we can't be sure. The press agents depict Wally as an adoring husband and father. Nothing could conform more nicely with what Will Hays desires in these matters. After all, it is rather nice to have an exceptional star

now and then who "conforms." We insist that it is the exception that proves our rule, however. Most stars do need continuous emotional sublimities and agonies to develop their finer genius.

Look at Valentino. Watch him rise in the professional firmament coincident with his great emotional anguishes. Jean Acker broke his heart—oh, absolutely. Recalling his evidence in the sad partitional proceedings, we know that he loved mightily, generously, magnificently. Jean just misunderstood him. Then just when his heart was healing, his quivering soul readjusting itself to normal, behold the advent of No. 2. Once again emotional stress set in—and Valentino became a greater film-lover than ever. Then that dear impatient dash for the border—after all, a year is a dickens of a time to ask an artist to wait for the emotional nourishment his great soul craves. But again an inexorable Fate held Valentino's Art above his personal content. Vile law snatched

the charmer from his very arms. More sumptuous suffering, more glorious emotional anguish—and more and greater Art for a palpitating public

which hangs upon his every screen gesture.

**M**ABEL NORMAND has not been exactly immune. A sizable dose of unhappy emotional ecstasy has been hers. If this experience runs true to form, watch Mabel come back. It may even prove as inspiring for Mary Miles Minter. I trust I have made it clear that these shining stars are plunged into these passionately inexorable romances, snatched, saved, and plunged ever again by the ruthless workings of Destiny which holds their Art and its essential inspiration above mere human suffering.



"The question of Wally Reid is rather delicate. Wally looks the part. He even acts it quite naturally at times. The press agents depict him as an adoring husband and father. Nothing could conform more nicely with what Will Hays desires in the matter."





# The FIVE

*Is a confession  
that the director cannot  
you ever loved? Then  
truth in this discerning*

By Harry

Illustrated by

so little about life—not to mention the art of acting.

I once heard D. W. Griffith say that nearly anybody can act except an actor. To this I might add that nearly anybody can understand acting except the average director.

Consider the big crisis in almost any motion picture!

I have seen a lot of people in the midst of real life dramas. I have seen a lot of women informed of sudden and horrible tragedies. I have never seen a single one act the way they always act in the movies. In the movies they close their eyes and sway around like the pendulum of an eight-day clock apparently with the idea of impressing the audience that they are going to faint and are trying not to.

THIS is not only a silly departure from real life but bad psychology.

The first reaction of people in real life to tragedy is incredulity. They can't believe it. The first thought that enters their minds is a denial. "No," they say, "This can't be true. My father can't be killed. These things happen to other people but they don't happen to me."

At such times they stand like dummies. I have seen several men told that they had but a few moments to live. They all said things that would sound silly and inconsequential. I remember one man who was told he would die in a few minutes as the result of burns. He didn't stare wild-eyed. He just stood there, dumb and silent with a foolish, embarrassed smile on his face as though he had been caught in some disgraceful and foolish predicament. All he said was a queer, choked grunt.

In the death bed scenes on the screen, the dying person in his last moments usually manifests enough strength in the way of fist shaking or embracing to represent half a day's work with a pick and shovel.

One of the truest pieces of emotion ever shown on the screen was in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* where Mae Marsh wadded and wadded her little flimsy cambric handkerchief while her lover was being sentenced to be hanged. I saw an old woman do that identical thing once in a courtroom while her daughter was being tried for conspiring with a bunch of crooks to rob her own father.

ANOTHER time, I saw a young man sentenced to be hanged. He had his hat in his hand and he kept turning this hat around and around with the most careful attention as though he had to make a certain number of careful revolutions of the hat band within a given time. Watching him, you would have thought that the fact he was hearing the judge rule his life away was of no importance at all, but that the matter of turning his hat in just that precise and certain manner was of the most overwhelming importance.

IN newspaper offices they call this habit of wallowing around in saccharine sweetness "slopping over." The movies are slopping over most of the time. They are altogether too beautiful and too sweet.

Especially the movie mothers. In real life what makes mothers interesting and advisable is that they are human. When they bind up your wounds they usually scold you. They vary self-sacrifice with spankings. The movie mother is an insufferable saint. She always sits in a rocking chair with her knitting and just smiles and smiles. After seeing one of Charley Ray's pictures I made a formal request to be allowed to run over the sweet old mother with a loaded truck after he finished with her. She irritated me beyond human endurance with her patient smile.

THERE are no such people in the world—praise be to heaven! I can't understand why directors persist in putting these silly rubber stamp, painted-on-one-side characters on the screen.

No mother can possibly raise a healthy normal family through the measles and whooping cough and wash dishes three times a day for twenty years without getting her dander up once in a while. I never knew but one woman in my life who always presented such a smiling patient face and went through life with the unvarying sweetness of a screen mother. She was a crazy woman who thought she was Mona Lisa. They sent her to the insane asylum and she's there yet. It would be a good thing to do with screen mothers.

Not that I really blame the mothers. It is the directors. To me, it is a source of never-ending amazement that any grown men could go through 30 years or more as most of them have and observe



# FOOT KISS

*of weakness—it is a sign tell a love story. Have you will recognize the admonition.*

Carr

Everett Wynn

The point I am trying to make is that, in moments of high tragedy, people do not do big things. They couldn't raise their hands and arms with the usual movie gesture if they tried. There is something smothering about tragedy. Your voice is choked and your actions are choked, too. You do strange and usually very precise little things. Just so, five-foot kisses, slobbering around, are not indicative of love.

The good people in screen stories always wander through the scenes with a peculiar, slow glide as though they are too holy to actually touch the ground, but slide around on ethereal foundations. They never are human.

As a matter of solemn tacit agreement, on the part of directors, all the historical characters, like G. Washington, Napoleon and Lincoln always preserve a curious sort of solemn stateliness that in real life is characteristic of morons. As a matter of fact, Lincoln was given to making jokes and often rather off-color ones. Napoleon had a mild mania for acting in amateur theatricals and for affairs with ladies, while Washington could never have passed the censors.

The motion pictures show life in a kind of solemn ready-to-wear form, in vague meaningless phrases.

One of the finest feats of journalism ever printed was Richard Harding Davis' account of the coronation of the Tsar of Russia. While other eminent writers were clawing the covers off the dictionaries trying to find ponderous words to describe their feelings, Mr. Davis was telling in simple language how the baby Crown Prince of Siam was sitting on the floor with another baby Prince, trying to tear each other's shiny medals off; and how the Queen of Greece got stage fright when she congratulated the newly crowned pair and glared at them like Lady Macbeth trying to outstare the ghost.

It is just such little touches of humanity and reality that the movies miss and hence fail to be human and interesting.

WHEN Thackeray was writing *The Virginians*, he asked an American visitor to tell him about George Washington. The visitor opened up with the patriotic wheeze about the illustrious George. "Oh, I don't care for that," said Thackeray, "I want to know if he was a fussy old gentleman who spilled snuff on his vest."

And that's what we want to know when we go to a movie. There are no real Pollyannas and no sainted mothers. There are little girls who are selfish and thoughtless most of the time, but who have their occasional moments; there are mothers who get red in the face and tired and get cross and get over it and are, on the whole, wonderful institutions; there are lip contacts which are edifying to the participants but usually disgusting to the spectator in real life. Even on the screen I fail to see anything pleasing in faces glued together.

One of the wisest and shrewdest little girls ever on



the screen is Mary Pickford. You will notice that she never allows a lover to be seen pawing her over on the screen. All her kisses are by inference.

Mary has put on some of the worst sniffers of all the screen stories that have afflicted us. Mary must forever stand convicted of Pollyanna and Little Lord Fauntleroy who was an insufferable little prig and snob; but we can always remember through the weepy mist of her glad girl stories that she always showed good taste in kissing: that's something.

And so now, at last, we are getting around to the five-foot kisses. No doubt you will already have seen the point I am leading up to. The point is, that a five-foot kiss is a confession of weakness on the part of any director.

The director who yanks in a five-foot kiss is like an old tenor who relies upon the friendly orchestra to make an infernal racket when he gets to the high notes he can no longer reach without cracking. The five-foot kiss is a sign that the director cannot tell a love story. It is a sign he is slipping in his story and is beginning to gesture wildly and frantically.

THAT is something that is yet to be done on the screen—a real love story. Griffith has sent numerous young gentlemen, with glowing eyes and flowing ties, wandering around in Byronic gardens of love: there have been innumerable little googly stories about little immature flapper girls who rewarded their little beaux with a smack on the lips after five reels of tedium; but there never has been a real love story told on the screen. Lacking the delicacy, the imagination and the dramatic force to tell a real love story, the directors erect a five-foot kiss like a smoke screen and try to make you believe they have told you a love story.





¶ Mrs. Thos. H. Ince (center) entertains on a yachting party to Catalina aboard the Ince yacht *Edris*.

### Aboard the *Edris*.

MRS. THOMAS H. INCE, assisted by Miss Madge Bellamy, Miss Marguerite de la Motte and Miss Florence Vidor, was a recent hostess at a delightful affair given in honor of the nine "Dollar-a-week" men of the First National Exhibitors who won their trip to California and were extensively entertained.

The first day of their visit the party were guests aboard the Ince yacht, *Edris*, sailing over to Catalina Island, where a beautifully appointed dinner was given at the St. Catharine Hotel. Covers were arranged for twenty-five and among the guests were King Vidor, David Butler, John Bowers and John Ray Griffith.

### Wed at Fairbanks Home.

OF world-wide interest was the recent marriage of Miss Marilynn Miller and Jack Pickford which took place at the palatial Beverly Hills home of Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford.

The bride, best known as the winsome darling of *Sally*, was given in marriage by her sister, Mrs. John Steele Sweeney. Mary Pickford was matron of honor and other attendants were Mrs. Carrie Carter, mother of the bride's former husband, and Mrs. Allen Forrest, herself a recent bride and pictorially known as Lottie Pickford, sister of the groom and of Mary Pickford. A diminutive member of the bridal party was little Mary Pickford Rupp, daughter of Mrs. Forrest. Victor Herman attended the groom as best man.

The nuptial service was read by the Reverend Neal Dodd, pastor of Hollywood's Little Church Around the Corner, in the large drawing-room in the west wing of the Fairbanks residence.

Decorators and florists had converted the room into a garden of summer blossoms. There were masses of Cecile Brunner roses and lilies of the valley, tall American Beauties and snapdragons, blue larkspur and colorful dahlias were used in profusion. A wedding bower was formed by a bell-shaped canopy of ferns arranged in the center of the room over an altar decked with an old Austrian scarf before which the couple knelt on a rug of rare Venetian pineapple silk.

A string quartette played before the ceremony, and John Steele, a Victor artist and vaudeville star, sang "Oh, Promise Me."

# The Star in SOCIETY

By Isabel Percival

*The Play of the Times of Play People*

Of exquisite simplicity was the imported gown worn by the bride. White Chantilly lace over a slip of white crepe georgette and silver was fashioned into a tight bodice and long, full skirt, wired out at the hips and falling in irregular lengths, while a cape collar fell below the waistline at the back and formed a surplice in front. She carried a large shower bouquet of white orchids and gardenias.

Mrs. Fairbanks, who entered with Mrs. Carter, was the picture of an adorable Dresden doll in a Paris frock of cream-colored Chantilly lace through the shimmering folds of which could be seen bow-knots of French blue and silver ribbons and wreaths of handmade flowers in pastel shades. With this she wore a fetching lace hat adorned with French flowers, and her hose and satin slippers were of palest green.

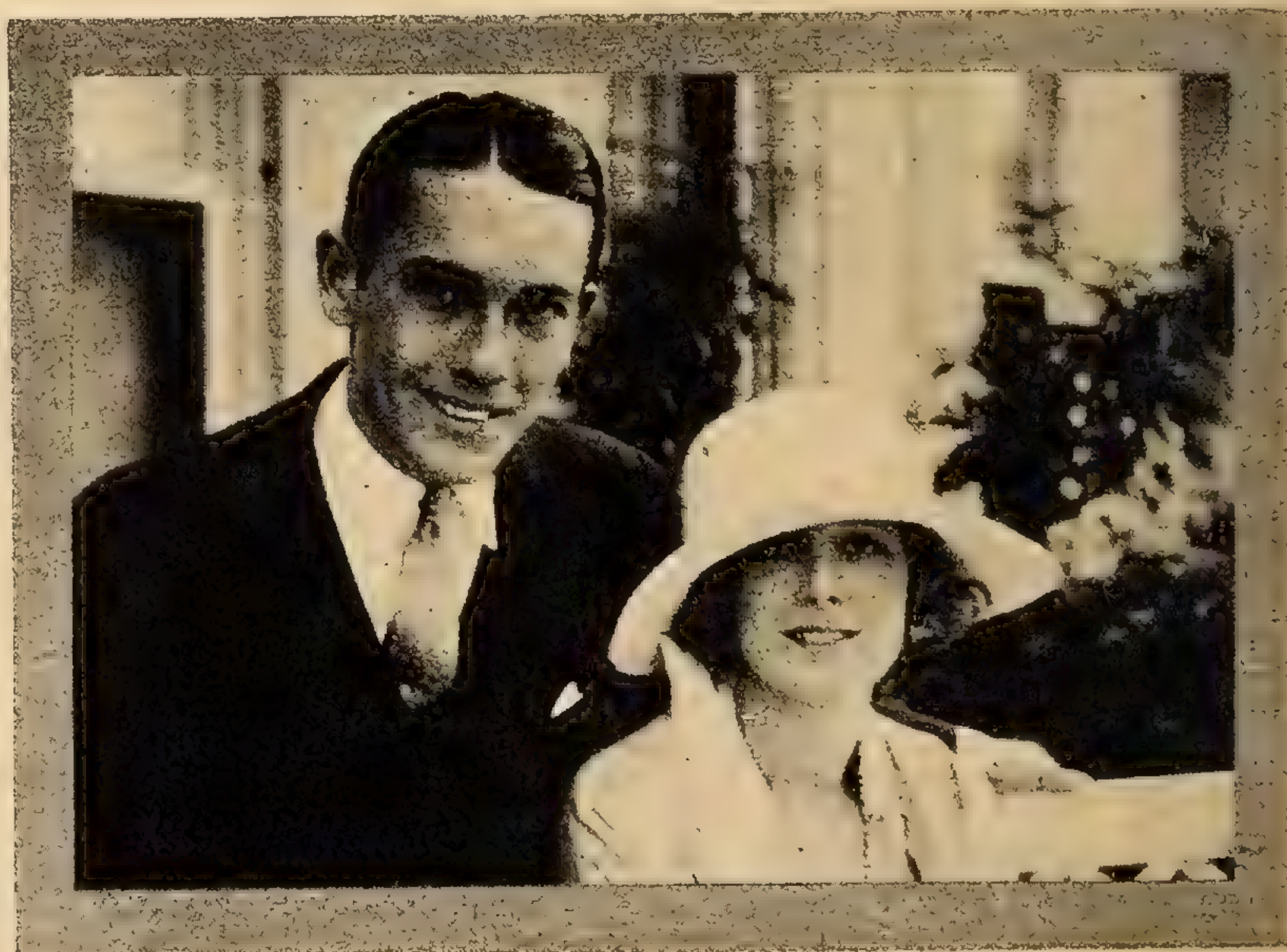
Mrs. Forrest wore a Parisian gown of Nile green taffeta with a hat to match.

A gown of beige-colored net and lace was worn by Mrs. Sweeney, while Mrs. Carter was distinctive in a black gown of Spanish lace over canton crepe and trimmed with moire. Her black picture hat was draped with folds of tulle.

Miss Clare Miller, another sister of the bride, was frocked in pink crepe georgette enhanced with duchess lace and wore a large lace hat.

Charles Chaplin, prominent among the guests, was first to kiss the bride. The other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. John Fairbanks and Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of the groom.

During the ceremony Lieutenant C. H. Howe, on leave from Carson Field, flew over (Continued on page 65)



¶ Jack Pickford and his bride, Marilynn Miller-Pickford, were married at the home of Doug and Mary.

—Photo by Frank B. Howe



# Science in the MOVIES

How they do the screen tricks that puzzle you.

## Night Scenes Made in Daylight.

**C**OLOR filters which hold back certain color qualities in light make possible a variety of lighting effects on the motion film. The filters are known by number among cameramen—K1, K2 and K3. K1 and K2 are used to aid the camera to penetrate hazy atmosphere in exterior shots and bring out distances. They also subdue a bright-blue sky, which registers a glaring white on the film. Without a K1 filter a white tent would blend into a blue sky background, but the filter gives the visible spectrum tones in proper contrast. These orange and yellow filters intercept much of the blue light.

An orange or red filter is used to get night effects in scenes shot in full light. They give a luminous night sky and yet hold back scenery and subdue detail. High lights, such as a flaring candle, the strike of a match or a glow from a window, comes from the use of tiny carbon arc lamps, ingeniously concealed.

## How Stars are Made Beautiful.

**W**RINKLES and other facial defects that are not apparent in the average scene appear with dis-illusioning clearness when a "close-up" is taken of a player. To soften the camera's merciless fidelity, gauze came into use. The cameraman, at first, carried a small piece of fine net in his pocket and when it became needed he fastened it across his lens with a rubber band.

Now most cameramen carry a set of gauzes, fastened on frames that can be adjusted against the lens. All manner of domestic and foreign chiffons and nets are tried, to secure individual effects. For the use of the gauze has increased. The selection is important. The size of thread, separation and color are carefully compared. It is no longer used merely to "beautify the star" but to make myriad artistic effects.

In many cases it is up to the cameraman to get over the psychology of a situation, the atmosphere of a locality or a mood almost entirely by photographic effect. While



A pottery jug is broken on a rock painted on a canvas in the background of this remarkable set. Can your eye find the point where the painting blends with the actual set?

Photo by Curtis.

lighting and composition are the principal tools under such conditions, the use of gauze is extremely effective.

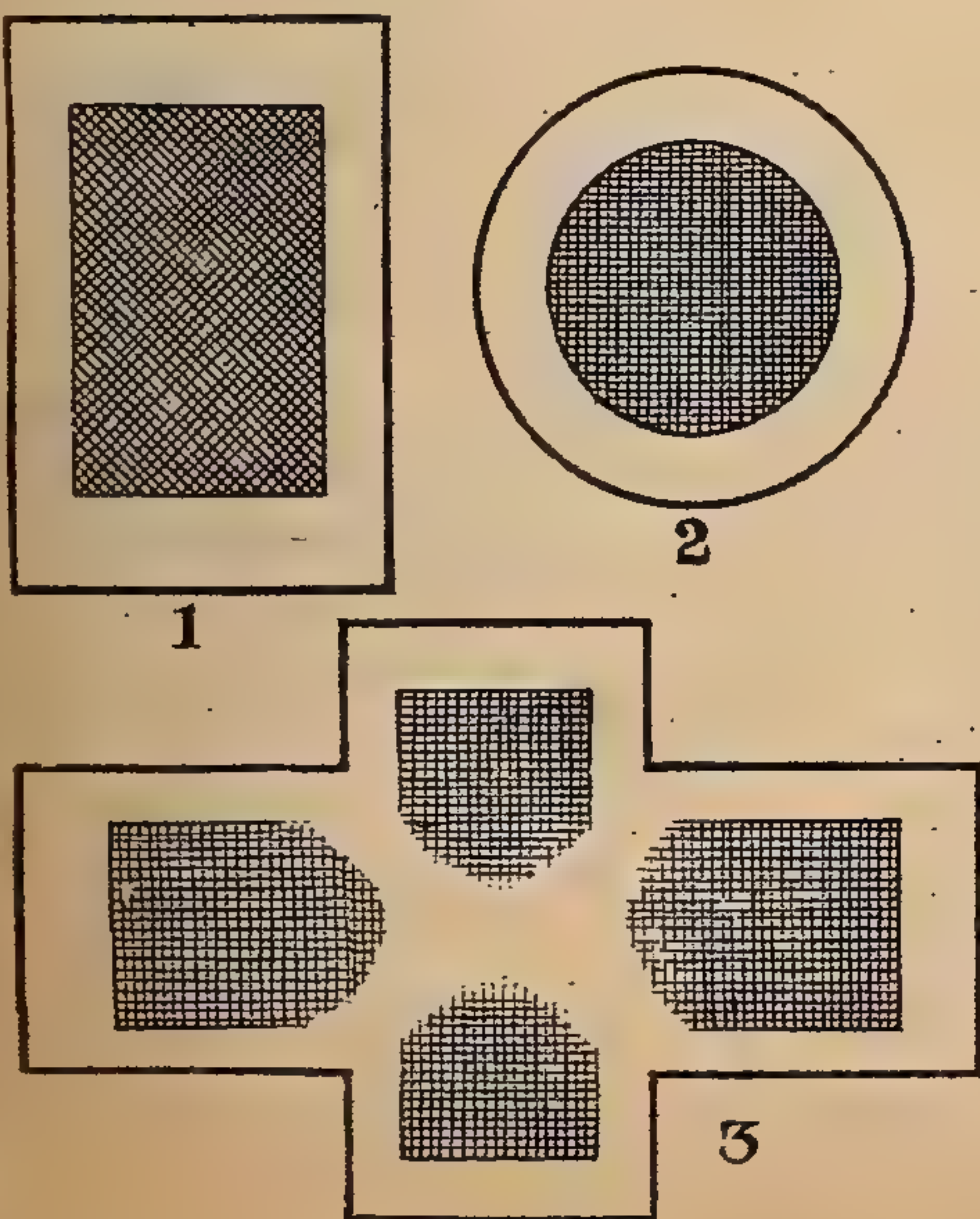
Some of the various effects secured by use of gauze are: Vignetted borders—scenes with soft edges which seem to melt away into the margin of the screen; subduing areas so as to focus interest on a player's face in a dramatic moment; softening the entire picture to give smoothness to the skin of the subjects, a shimmering quality to the hair, an atmosphere of richness and a sparkle to gems and tinsel and lights.

## How Miniatures are Photographed.

**S**INCE Griffith animated tin mannikins on a tiny papier-mache wall of Babylon in *Intolerance*, great advance has been made in the use of miniatures in motion-picture photography. The great handicap first met was that smoke fairly roared out of chimneys, small boats bobbed around like corks and a small avalanche shot down a mountainside like a meteor. But the introduction of the high-speed camera has resulted in convincing action.

Many miniature sets are used in the modern movie which are never distinguished from the real scenes by audiences. Hardly a picture nowadays but employs a miniature somewhere in the story. Their principal use is in conjunction with regular sets, such as a vista from a doorway or across a patio. In this case they are built on the optical principle of forced perspective, the vanishing point, instead of being on the horizon, being perhaps only twenty feet from the camera and at a height of about the waist.

The use of miniatures led to painted backgrounds, then double-exposure photography to introduce live actors into the paintings. This principle reached astonishing limits in *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam*, a film finished, but now in litigation. In the accompanying illustration a live actor is shown in a real foreground with a painted backing. The eye cannot determine where the real and false are joined. "Scarcely a hair divides the false and true." A pottery jug is broken on a painted rock in the background of this set in the film and the action recorded by use of double-exposure photography.

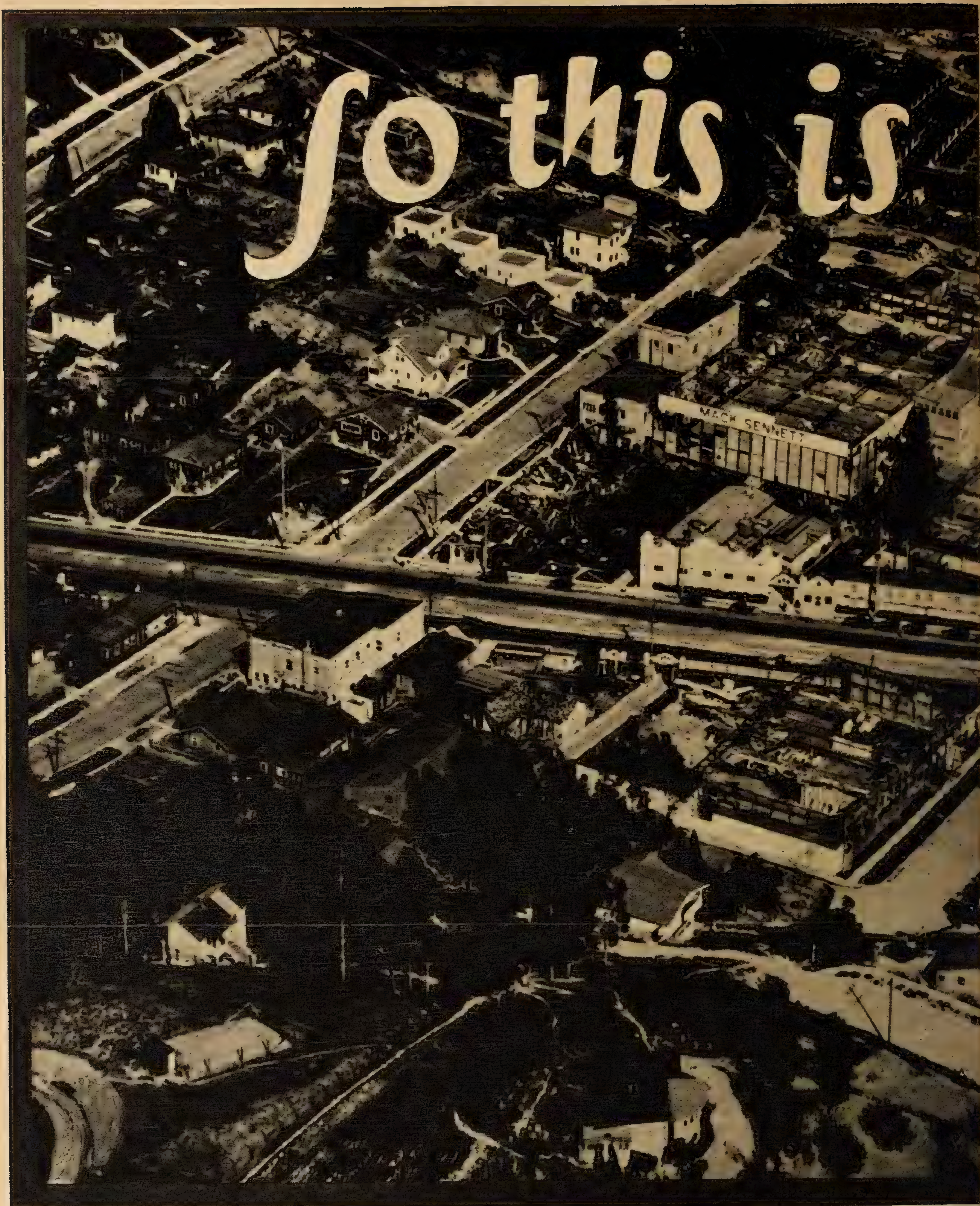


(1) A frame of the same dimension of the screen, containing a gauze, is held across the lens to mask a scene within its dimension.

(2) The circular frame used to conveniently fasten a gauze against the lens holder.

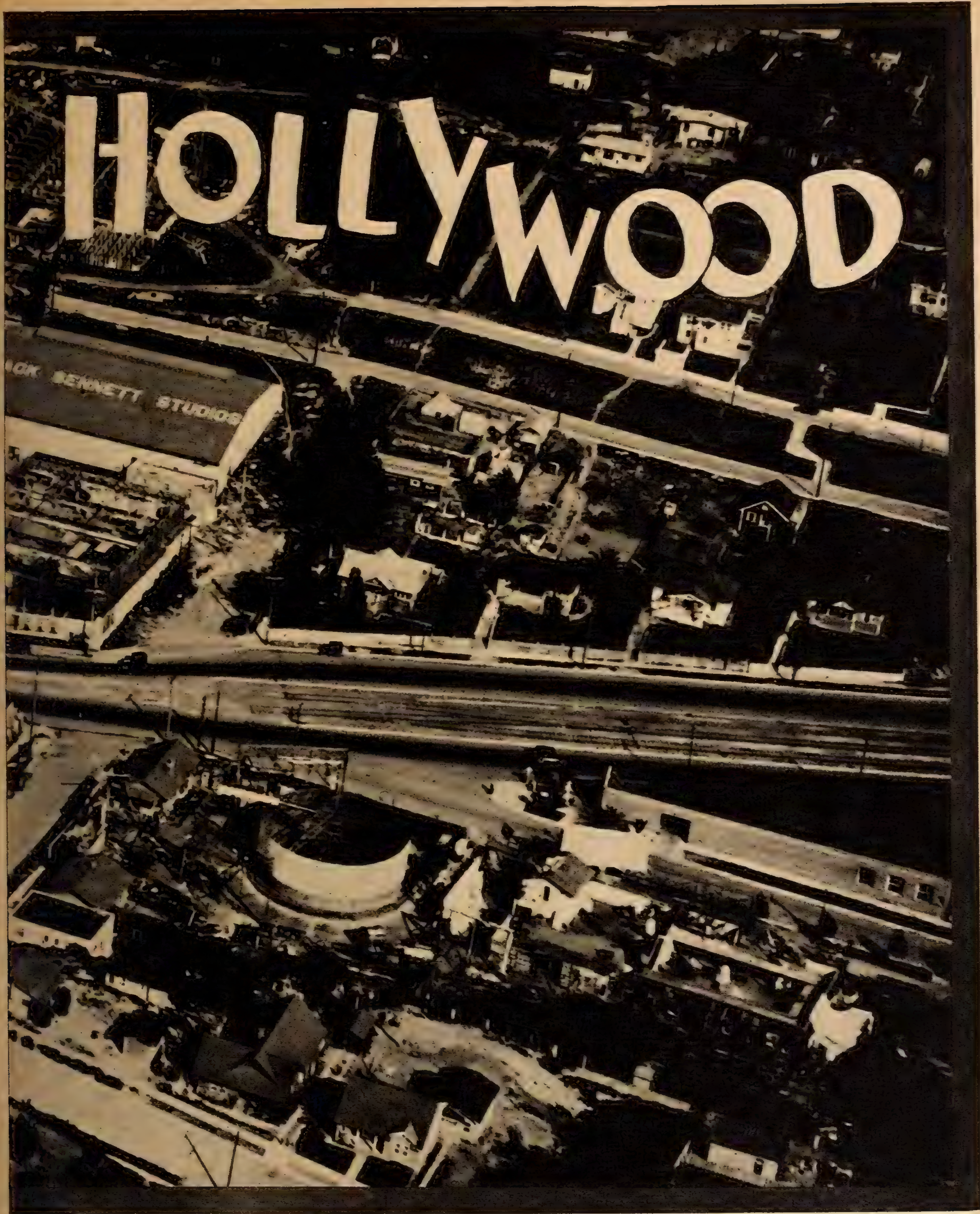
(3) An iris-ing gauze holder which softens the borders of a scene, but leaves the central portion in sharp focus in any desired measure by adjusting the panels.





**I**F they hadn't improved on the 1890 model bathing suit, Mack Sennett wouldn't be where he is today, but if Sennett hadn't tried to step ahead of the age and adopt costumes to be worn by the water nymphs of a coming generation, his bevy of beautiful girls would still be seen gliding their dripping way across the silversheet. But the censors cut in a while back and now the Sennett company makes lighter demands on the nearby beaches and heavier demands on the wardrobe department.





*Photo by Cross, Aerial Photographer.*

You've heard of the house that Jack built? Well, if you lean over the side of the ship and look down you'll notice \$125,000 worth of studio and motion-picture-producing paraphernalia that feminine Beauty built and that masculine Homeliness cemented. Sounds

absurd, doesn't it, but when one thinks back over the Sennett flock of bathing peaches, he has to admit that Flo Ziegfeld is shortsighted.

The circular affair in Lot One, lower right hand corner, is not, as we may think, the tub into which



Sennett tosses the gold pesos his stars have earned for him. In Screenland it is called a "panoram." Landscapes are painted on it and then the contraption whirls about at 45-miles an hour. The artists enact their hazardous little scenes on the narrow stage encircling it, in perfect safety. Often we have wondered how it was humanly possible to perform the familiar Sennett stunts where Ben Turpin flies serenely through the air or whizzes along on a motorcycle at death-defying speed. The secret is ours. Sennett cops have traveled thousands of miles in pursuit of comic villains . . . traveling around the "panoram."

THE peculiar looking square to right of the "panoram" and near the extreme corner is an early California set, recently used by Mabel Normand in "Suzanna." It was, by the way, a reproduction of Ramona's original home. On this set Mabel vamped all the little bears and defenseless he-men seen in "Suzanna." Surrounding are a number of small structures; these house props and other doo-dads are used in Sennett productions.

Crossing to Lot Two, you find yourself looking upon the first stage erected by Mack Sennett, 75 x 125 feet, when he entered the business way back in 1912. Destiny is a strange thing, you agree, as our guide informs us it was here on this same modest stage and bit of ground that Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, Al St. John, Ford Sterling and a host of others first commercialized their funny antics on the silversheet. Others there were in legion whose names blazed in electric lights for a short time, then faded away not to be heard from anon.

WHEN Sennett started business, pictures were really in the infant stage. Pies were slung right and left and we had spasms laughing over the funny doings of comedians then—things that today would make you yawn and grunt in disgust; yet in 1912, we were sure we had never before seen anything quite so comical and we shrieked for more. Think of the dozens and dozens of pies that have sailed across that stage to waste their sweetness against the faces of comedians! Strawberry pie, lemon meringue, mince, apple. . .

On the same stage, Gloria Swanson—the divine Gloria whose subtle lure has drawn many a handsome young reel hero to destruction—first learned to snake around as a Sennett bathing girl. Just fawncy that, now! Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman and Alice Lake can have gold-lined bathtubs nowadays, if they want 'em,

but back in the dim past when Sennett discovered them, bathing was work, not a luxury.

Then, Gloria and Charlie didn't value their services at very high figures . . . they were glad to get any kind of picture work and at the company's own price. Contrast that with today! Chaplin earns more change than his voluminous trousers will accommodate while Miss Swanson doesn't even look at price tags when she goes to shop.

Hang on to your hat as we skim across the avenue.

THAT narrow doorway is the main entrance to the plant. The little line of windows running almost down to the street corner, open into the women's dressing rooms—the extra girl's first glimpse of paradise. To the left of the entrance are the cutting rooms and laboratories. Immediately adjoining these is the projection room or Sennett theatre. On the right as one enters the gate are passed the executive offices—the brain departments. The stages require no description. The famous swimming tank, 35 x 55 feet and 12 deep, is located on the big open stage to the right. Charlie has been pushed in that vat, so has Ben, while many a little Sennett squab fluttered about in the same cold water. Mabel Normand's own bungalow is the tiny house in the upper left hand corner of the lot, near the large tree. It contains a reception room, bedroom, dining room and bath. Without leaving the lot, Miss Normand can receive her friends either formally or *en famille*; have her cinnamon toast and tea; take a little nap—in fact, it's a regular little home and with all com-

forts. Ben Turpin has no studio bungalow; just a dressing room. The tall tower houses the private offices of the comedy czar himself. It is so designed as to give Sennett a bird of a view of his entire 38 acres by merely lifting an eye from his mash notes. There is a Catholic chapel on the premises, too, where services are held every Sunday, we are assured.

ON Lot Four, just beyond the largest stage, you see the bear den, chicken run (where eggs are collected, by the way), and duck pond. On the lot, also, are the permanent sets, including a city street, country town and Western barrooms (less real than the chicken runs).

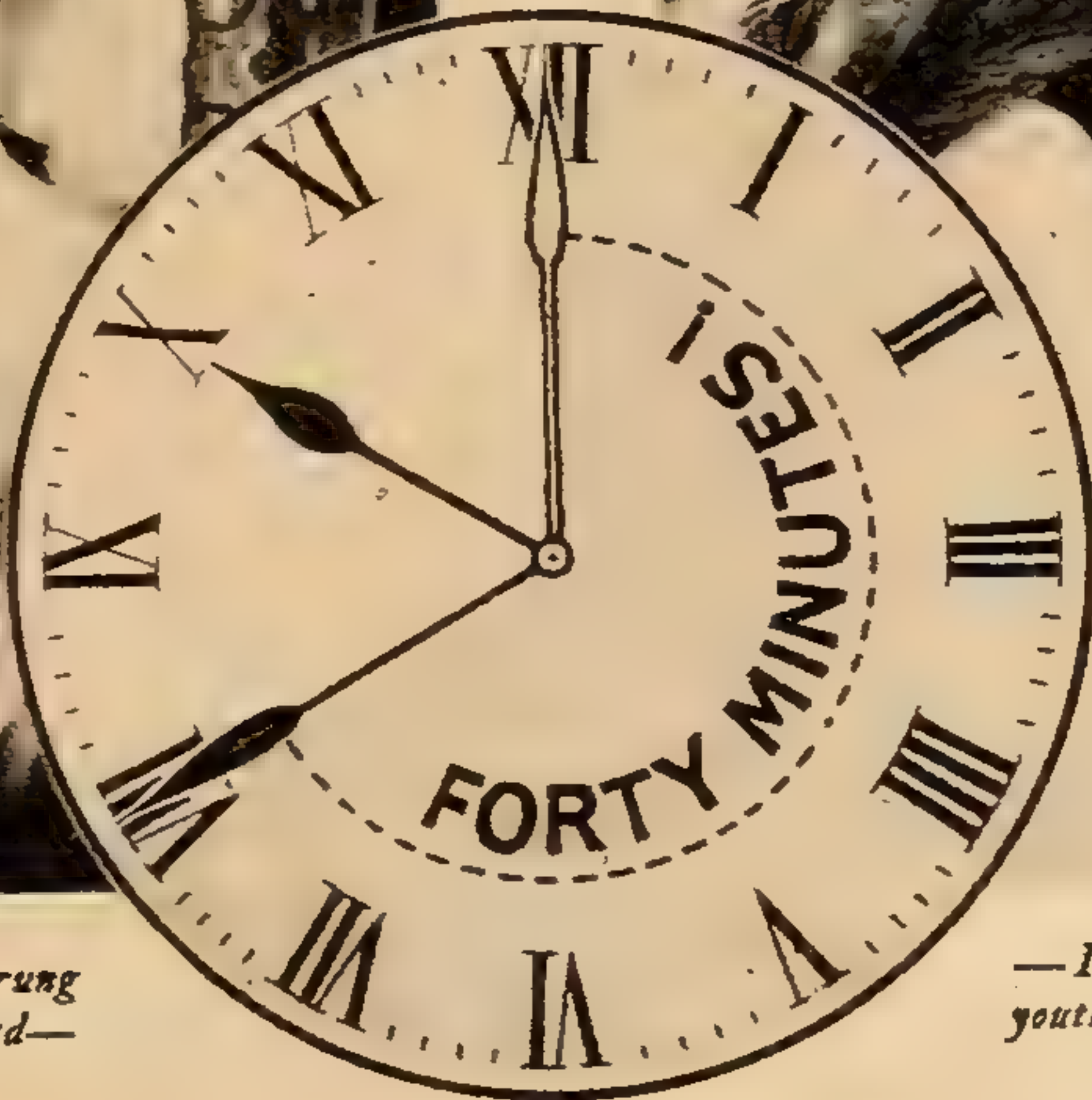
Crooked eyes and straight limbs—Sennett owes his present opulence to both!



How was it humanly possible for Ben Turpin to fly serenely through the air and whizz along on a motorcycle at death-defying speed? The secret is ours. He traveled around the "panoram" where the cop chases of the old comedy days were staged.

Next month we will have a look at the Culver City palace of arts—Goldwyn Studios.





A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

# A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

**How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Woman's Need for a Complexion Beautifier**

By **MARTHA RYERSON**

**I** HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion! I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubted natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened-up to greet me. Her face

was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not!

## I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a perfect complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally pulled out. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

*My blemishes were gone!*

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening

was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies," as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

## Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I know.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully:

## FREE DISTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size \$5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is \$1.87.

You may have your first jar for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even the small laboratory cost price of \$1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather, a deposit that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of \$1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be home at mail time, enclose \$2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a re-made skin.

*Wm. Ryerson*  
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 140  
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Little HINTS for BOOKLOVERS

Fiction Reviewed from the Playgoer's Viewpoint

## "THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED"

Reviewed for Screenland by Olga Printzlaw, who has made the adaptation of this novel for the "Warner Brothers' Studios."

IN his novel, *"The Beautiful and Damned,"* the author, F. Scott Fitzgerald, has departed boldly from the prosaic construction of the average novel, in that he has eliminated the proverbial "villain" that generally forms the third point of the usual triangle. And yet, there is a villain that is far more subtle and devastating than any flesh and blood conception of such an entity could ever be.

The story deals with two young people of that wealthy floating population which throngs the cafes, cabarets, theatres and hotels of our great cities—people adrift on a sea of luxury, without the anchors of home and the rudders of responsibility.

And in this shining sea there is an awful whirlpool that may do worse than kill—it may destroy the soul and leave only the body. It is the whirlpool of hectic extravagance and unanchored motives and affections that forms a menace to the average young couple of today, far more destructive than the prosaic "other-person."

IN adapting this novel for the screen, I have made a most gratifying discovery—an author whose work may be translated almost literally to the screen. Of course, in adapting this book, much of Fitzgerald's literary charm must be eliminated, because the book fairly sparkles with witticisms; but Fitzgerald also writes witticisms that *will photograph*. The secret of his success in this novel, for screen purposes, is that he has portrayed truth so graphically and pictorially, and in terms of *physical action*, that the literary brilliance of his novel plays secondary part.

In the marriage of Anthony Patch and the vivid young beauty, Gloria Gilbert, we have an average situation.

Anthony, the heir of a millionaire grandfather, who for many years has leveled a series of uppercuts at vice, literature, Sunday theatres and liquor, is one of those reproachless young men who toil not—neither do they spin.

There is something whimsically pathetic and humorous about the little "flapper-wife" whose sentimentality clings fiercely to her own illusions—whose ironic soul whispers to her that "motherhood is also the privilege of the female baboon" and so, her dreams are of ghostly children

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN, by George Gibbs. What will become of the modern novelist when the flapper is extinct? It is in this whirlpool of cigarette-smoking, rolled-stockings, corset-checking flappers that the House of Moulon fell—and from whence it was righted by Cherry, the daughter—effervescent, lovable, rudely frank—herself a twentieth-century flapper. The most powerful of Gibbs' late works, except *"The Flaming Sword."* (Appleton.)

DANCERS IN THE DARK, by Dorothy Speare, is the story of three "modern" girls and their final surrender to love and marriage. Miss Speare is a regular female Fitzgerald in her vivid description of those luscious young creatures whom she aptly calls "excitement eaters." The action is largely psychological, and such episodes as could be screened are all censorious. Read the book—then write a letter to your local Censor Board. The only part of the story the movies could use would be the title, and even that would have to be illuminated in order to show up on the screen. (Doran.)

THE SKY MOVIES, by Gaylord Johnson, is written for children in a charming style and introduces to them scientific astronomical facts in a way they can easily understand. The book is written on the theory that the best way to teach a child anything is by the use of word pictures, drawings and illustrations until he has related ideas concerning a new thought. (Macmillan.)

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST, by E. M. Hull. While we note considerable improvement in her literary style since *The Sheik*, Mrs. Hull's latest novel is in all other ways disappointing. It is sure not to attain to anything like the popularity of her former work, and it is very improbable that it will ever find its way to the screen. The scenes are laid in Japan and England. An Englishman, the hero, after illegally living with a Japanese discovers that she is no other than his own half-sister. He is horrified and the girl, believing his love has turned cold, kills herself. He later falls in love with the daughter of a friend, but the shadow of the East haunts him. Finally, he confesses all that occurred in Japan. (Small, Maynard.)

only—the early, perfect symbols of her early love for her lover. Gloria is a "super-flapper"!

GLORIA'S theory of life and love may be taken from her own illuminating diary. *"Beauty is only to be admired, only to be loved—to be harvested carefully and then flung at a chosen lover—like a gift of roses. It seems to me, so far as I can judge clearly at all, that my beauty should be used like that!"*

An impractical theory for any young wife to start life and marriage with, for roses wither, even the fairest of them, and even the memory of the gift may be forgotten—and only the stems with their harsh thorns left to view.

Had Anthony Patch and Gloria been more *mental*, or "deep-thinkers," the psychological actions attendant upon their "thinking" would be less *physical*, but logically *passive*, and therefore—unphotographical.

THE shadow of a great future wealth hanging over him, Anthony finds every ambition to perform any individual labor stifled, and his and Gloria's daily slogan comes to be, "Wait until Grandpa Patch dies!" And so, they drift toward the whirlpool.

The inevitable crash comes, when, during a hectic week-end house-party, the aged millionaire decides to pay his grandson a visit.

The result is that when, a week later, the old man dies, Anthony and Gloria are disinherited. Dependent upon his provision, they find themselves swept down into the vortex of poverty. Above them, on the glittering surface, their friends and the gilded past float on. Anthony sinks lower and lower—retaining one thing to the last, however, his purity of morals, but even this is shaken and put to a tremendous test, by the entry of a little creature of the half-world into his life. This soubrette has found out that he is related to the deceased millionaire, and plays for him accordingly.

The menace which so nearly destroyed them, is itself destroyed, and they learn that *Love to be understood must be lived*. Finally, Anthony and

Gloria regain their lost fortune, they found a greater wealth—love they thought had been swept away.

In *"The Beautiful and Damned"* many will find themselves looking into a mirror, and at the same time, they will discover *WHY* the reflection sends back such a disillusioning image—and perhaps they will be able to check the ravages of the *cause*.





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**Straus & Schram, Department 2148 Chicago, Ill.**

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you \$3.00 monthly. If not, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. 87284A. \$32.80.

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This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delam Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known.

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"OLIVER TWIST"

## "OLIVER TWIST"



DIRECTION  
FRANK LLOYD

A PERFECT visualization of one of the world's choicest and most thrilling novels, this story is commended in confidence to those millions that adore the boy-genius of the screen and to all that love and admire the literary genius of Charles Dickens.

The book is made a living thing and the dream-child of Dickens' imagination is come true in the person of little Jackie Coogan.

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NANCY SIKES

BILL SIKES *The* ARTFUL DODGER

Mr. MONKS

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of the DECADE

A MATCHLESS  
CAST of SCREEN  
CELEBRITIES  
SUPPORTING



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HIS FINEST  
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*in* "OLIVER TWIST"

*Starring*  
The GREATEST BOY ACTOR *in the*  
WORLD

NOAH CLAYPOLE

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Miss ESTHER RALSTON

Mr. JOSEPH HAZLETON

Mr. EDDIE BOLAND

Miss AGGIE HERRING



# What's the MATTER with My STORY?

## LOST BONDS.

By F. A. S., Camden, S. C.

**T**HIS department is occupied to a large extent in reading scenarios that are unsuitable for production and in pointing out to the authors—and readers—some of the reasons *why* they are unsuitable. But your contribution is one of the few that has distinct screen possibilities. Although briefly presented—in its 2000 words—there is no question in our mind but that it possesses structure for a good melodrama, worthy the attention of a studio scenario department in want of melos.

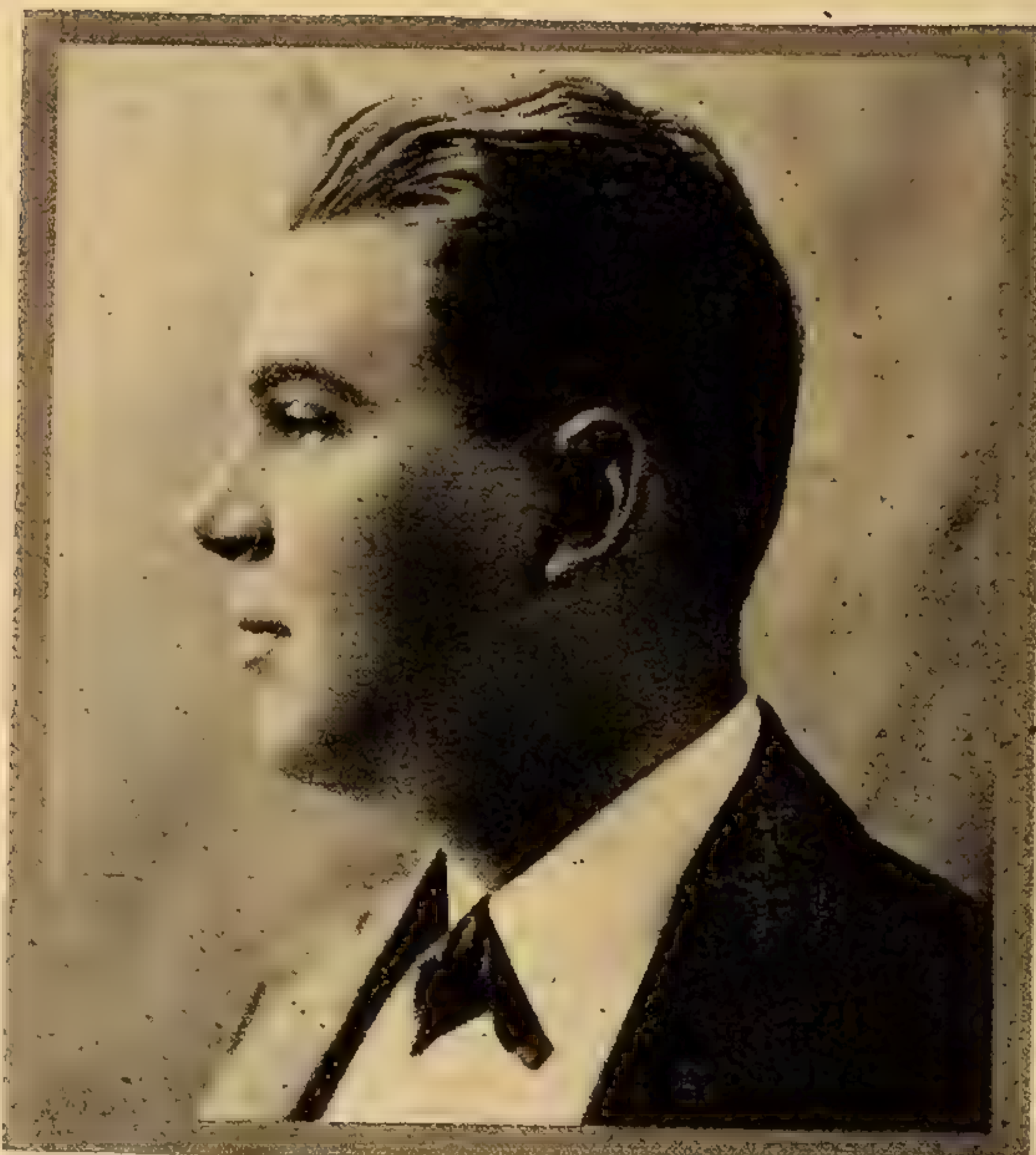
Are you familiar with East Indian customs? Then why don't you write your story longer, adding color and characterization? There is a passage from a recent book review by the brilliant Henry Van Dyke (The New York Times) which, although written of a novel, holds valuable interest for photoplay student. He writes:

"The function of the novelist is to make a story real by showing the relations and consequences of human actions—and not of outward actions only, but also of feelings indulged and thoughts habitually cherished. Those inward actions and reactions belong to reality just as truly as the visible elements by which they are accompanied.

... It is not merely by the deeds of the body but also by 'the deeds done in the body' that the drama of life is woven on the loom of circumstance."

Two love elements are dangerous. The pitfall of scattered interest has ensnared even the most successful scenarists and playwrights, at times. It is essential to your story, of course, that there be the two love elements, but one should be subdued. The other must be the major love element.

So use your story for a pattern and cut from the cloth of life. When the fabric is as good as the pattern, submit it to a studio editor.



## My Maiden Effort

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK,  
Scenario Editor, Universal Film Mfg. Co.

**I**T was early in the year 1911, having given up the profession of civil engineering, because in that capacity I had broken most of the walking records of Dan O'Leary and Edward Payson Weston; and not being able to "dollar up" and "trip the gay fantastic" amongst Chicago's North Shore elite, on the slender salary of newspaper reporter, I chanced to look over a most alluring and promising advertisement of the Vitagraph Company of America, which stated that they would pay handsomely for motion picture scenarios.

With visions of a new summer outfit and many nights of gladness, I hastened to a nickelodeon near the old "Rough and Ready" boarding house, where I hung my hat; because you see I hadn't the least idea whether a scenario was a short story or a mechanical drawing; and there I sat through four showings of the popular offering of the times (a one-reel drama), trying to dope out some idea of the technique of writing this new perplexing term scenario. That night over my trusty double barreled Smith Premier, I managed to tell a story in about 25 scenes and called it "On the Firing Line," which you will readily guess was a Civil War thriller, about a spy and pretty girl, and the "polpers." With great care and dispatch I mailed this first movie brain child to the Vitagraph Company, and the next night I hammered out another, and sent it to the Kalem Company, because I had discovered that other companies were waiting breathlessly to send checks to aspiring writers. You've probably guessed it already—my second masterpiece was as the first a Civil War drama, called "The Two Scouts." Now comes the thrill of this narrative—my daily work piled higher and higher at the newspaper office, and I forgot all about the feverish inspiration of those two nights. Then one morning I found a letter on the community table. It sure handed me a thrill, because the envelope was too small to contain the remains of my poor manuscript. Inside was a check for \$20 and a printed release, whereby I was to sign away all my dramatic rights to said story. Little did the Kalem editor, Phil Lang, for it was Kalem who first discovered that I was a genius) dream that for \$20 I would have signed away everything but my life. Anyhow, Vitagraph made the same momentous discovery of talent, for three days later I was spending their check for \$20 for one grand trip to Mackinac Island, with all the trimmings.

## A KENTUCKY GIRL

By M. L., Los Angeles, Calif.

**A**S a fledgling scenario, what you have submitted is a worthy effort; but it contains no sales possibilities. It more nearly resembles a simple narrative than a well-rounded story plot. Elizabeth, Hinton and Hargrave—the familiar, age-old triangle, is the only basis you have for action. There is no theme—only a mild degree of conflict between hero and villain, with Jack Lewis a slight comedy relief.

This story was criticised in a previous issue in this department, we remember.

## WIDE AWAKE

By C. H. W., Vernon, Texas.

**Y**OU say your story is especially written for Will Rogers, who isn't making pictures now but appearing in vaudeville. (Although we hope we will see more of his appealing comedies.) Do not make the mistake, when writing a story for any certain star, to duplicate the sort on which you have seen that star appear. You have written more in the vein of what you have *seen* than of striking, original material, which others want to see.

Of course, Will Rogers would never consider a story so nearly the same as *Living Up to It* in which he appeared. But don't feel badly about that. Nearly all amateur scenario writers, it is said around the studios, are mirrors of the screen. It is the writer who, by practice, acquires the dramatic skill to capitalize his own originality who makes a success. Take this Bert Benson of yours and make him do unexpected, unusual things for unusual purposes in order to lift the interest of the story above the sordidness of the man's surroundings. And remember that every part of your story must bear some essential relation to every other part. As you now have it, the failure of Benson's oil investment and his success at capturing chicken thieves are two fragments of action entirely separate.



# What Do YOU Know About LOVE?

*Why does Gloria Swanson close her eyes when she is being kissed?  
 Why does Mary Pickford stand on tiptoe and clasp her hero's neck?  
 Why does Constance Talmadge shudder? Why does little Viola Dana  
 pull her hero's top waistcoat button? Why does Mary McAvoy cry?  
 Why does Theda Bara smile?*

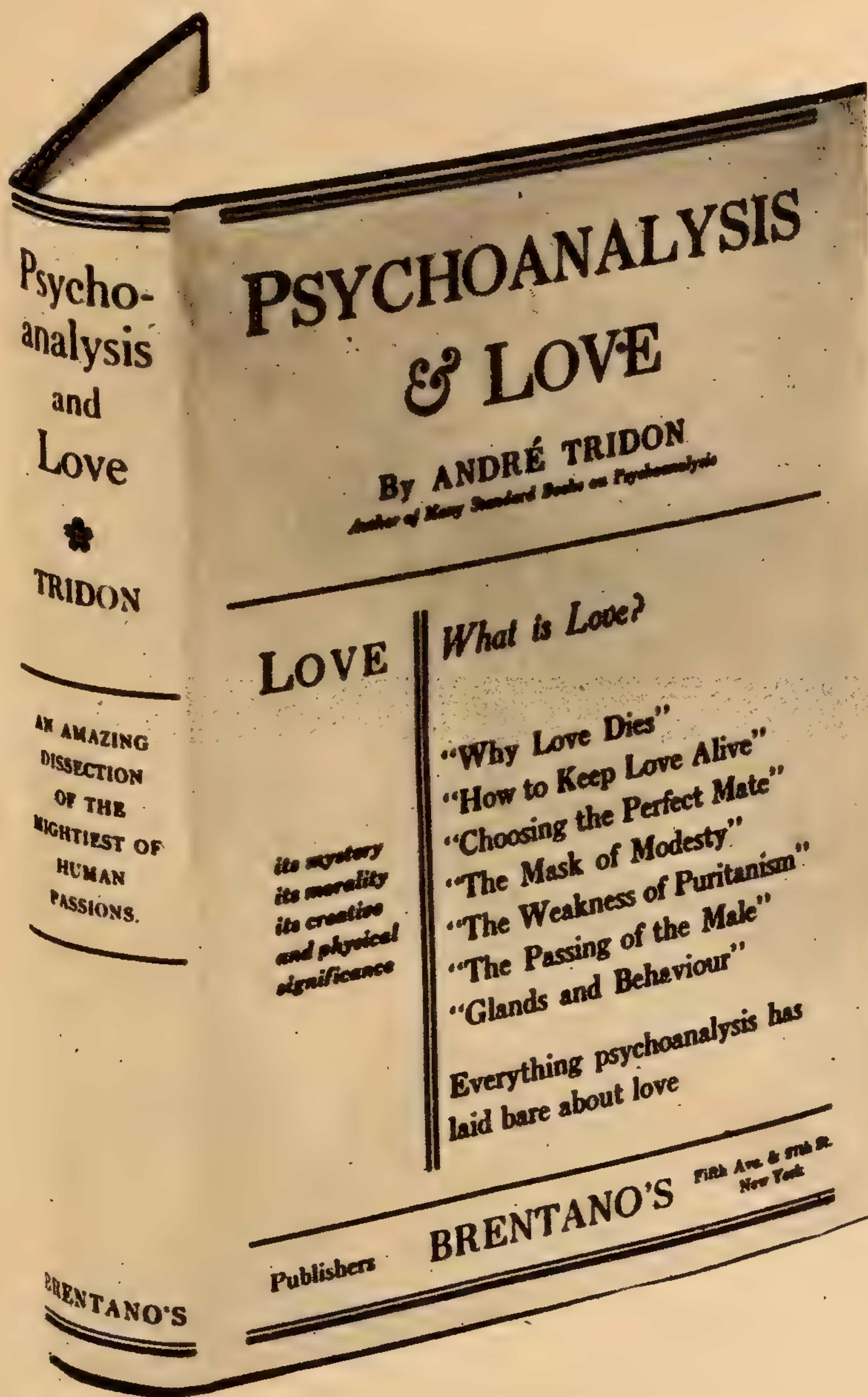
**N**OT one person in ten thousand knows the facts André Tridon tells in his brilliant book.

The scenario writer will find in it material and information without end.

The "movie fan" will understand every action of the screen stars, each little impulsive gesture they make, as though it were set down in type.

The student of life will find cause to ponder over this panorama of jealousies, passions, hates, desires, tears and tendernesses which we call love.

"If you have been puzzled to know what is the matter with this strange humanity and why it persists in doing the most irrational, ab-



surd and cruel things, read André Tridon," says Dr. Frank Crane.

Here are explained

*Jealousy*

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Is free love coming to America? Is the marriage contract obsolete? Tridon explains the future of love relations.

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Be the first among your friends to talk about it.

## Psychoanalysis and Love

By ANDRE TRIDON

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 Fifth Avenue at 27th, New York City.

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*This is the most interesting and most understandable information about love ever published.*

Get it!

**\$2.50**



# Your OWN Page

**W**E are sorely tempted to proclaim this the "best ever" issue of SCREENLAND. But that question remains for the reader to judge. The restraint of oppressive modesty, however, will not seal our lips from directing a proud finger (as a speaker said at a Will Hays banquet) to a *few* of the better things in this issue—*most of which* were suggested by Your Own Page letters.

One SCREENLAND reader who attained the exalted plane of *ex-officio* editorship was Morris J. of Pittsburgh. He suggested "a page of cartoons relating to the movies." The result is "Cartoons of the Month" on page 40—a new regular feature.

Gladys Montgomery of 6 Riverside Drive, Red Bank, N. J., won the first prize of \$50 in SCREENLAND's "Letter S" Contest, which is being followed by the SCREENLAND Title Contest on page 8.

The other prize winners in the "Letter S" Contest were:

Mrs. Lucius Leslie, Winner, S. D., \$25.

Mrs. Charles E. Lee, Donipham, Mo., \$10.

Miss Alice Carv Tobie, 3 Deering street, Portland, Me., \$10.

Patricia Sanders, 356 Greenwood avenue, Atlanta, Ga., \$5.

Miss Gladys Currie, R. F. D. 3, Fayetteville, N. C., \$2.

Have you ever heard of the strange movie theatre where the mixed races of Malaya watch pictures from *both* sides of the screen. "What matters if the titles are *backward*? The natives cannot read them, anyhow," writes L. G. Blochman, SCREENLAND's special traveling correspondent in the Orient. Don't miss Mr. Blochman's delightfully humorous description of "Movies in Malaya"—in SCREENLAND for December.

One reader who assuredly will *not* miss this unusual article is Miss M. M. of Toronto, Canada. "The Blochman articles are not alone interesting but they cause one to speculate on the mentality of races in foreign environments," she writes.

Another kind reader who writes to bespeak his interest in the Blochman series of articles is Mrs. C. M. B. of

**Why Can't the Ambitious Girl Break Into the Movies?**

**Why Can't Talented Young Writers Sell Their Stories?**

**Why Are Most Movies Stupid?**

EDITOR Your Own Page:

What is the matter with the movies? Big money and little brains! Politics! Inefficient, experienced barons strangling the peasantry of youth and new ideas! One sincere and talented worker to a score of selfish, envious, vengeful, bigoted overlords who feel themselves slipping in the saddle. *This* is what exists in the studios *today*. *This* is the trouble with the movies.

The movies are *honeycombed* with dry-rot—atrophied job-holders who stifle the enthusiasm of new talent and lock the gates against new ideas. These men—and women—holding positions of *power*, are the ones through whose hands pass the materials that make the screen entertainment of the world, and who *ruin* the expensive wares producers are frantically bidding for. A gem of a story turns to dross when an officious scenario editor chokes it. Stars ready for the discard are supported by "pull." Is it any wonder that the worth-while talent has turned away from the studios, regardless of the attraction of big money and quick fame? This is a fascinating subject to *everyone* sincerely interested in the movies.

LAWRENCE PARTRINGER HOLLYWOOD.

The answer to this letter and to the *thousands* of *unspoken* questions from *every* playgoer who realizes the need for *higher* screen standards will appear in SCREENLAND for December. It will be —

**The Spy System in the Movies**

It is the petty *bureaucracy* of the studios, the *selfish* intrigue, *hate*, *suspicion* and *jealousy* that is fastened like a *leech* to art that is responsible for *weak*, *banal*, *dangerous* pictures! SCREENLAND has investigated and for the *first time* in *motion-picture journalism* gives the *complete facts* in SCREENLAND for December—next month! Don't miss it!

Wichita Falls, Texas. "It has always seemed to me that the photoplay could be a mighty factor in creating, in the Orient, a deeper understanding of the ways, habits and mental processes of the people in America. It is a rare treat to read about this new great civilizing force," is a paragraph in the letter.

The discouraged thousands—some of them potential stars, embryo eminent authors, inventive geniuses,

able artists—who have been turned away from studio gates and casting offices are only a few of the American public who will find exceptional interest in SCREENLAND's great revelation, "The Spy System in the Movies," beginning in SCREENLAND for December. This is a subject of vital interest to every playgoer. Why are most movies so inadequate? The answer lies in the demoralizing despotism of the studio spy. Weeks have been spent in compiling this striking article. The first big step toward stamping out bad pictures is clearly pointed out in this frank revelation. If you love the movies, follow SCREENLAND's fight for better pictures.

The constant endeavor is to make SCREENLAND radiate the charm of *Screenland*. Hollywood is the world's *Screenland* and on its pages SCREENLAND hopes to show every glittering ray from the magic, alluring play city and parade the unending stream of vibrant, colorful life every month. For Hollywood is *Screenland* and *Screenland* is Hollywood.

Scores of new, original, fascinating and helpful subjects bulge the next and future numbers—subjects that *never before* have appeared in *any* motion picture magazine. Intimate, sincere, accurate stories and articles will show you how *unlike* is the real Hollywood from the many untruths that have been printed about it.

SCREENLAND critics review nearly all plays mentioned in "Little Hints for Playgoers" in *studio projection rooms*. They daily see the stars playing on the sets, talk with the directors and gain a sympathetic and comprehensive knowledge of the difficulties encountered in picture-making. This leads to accurate, just comment on the finished art. Being "made where the movies are made" makes all this possible.

So many readers demand more "Little Hints for Playgoers" that "The Leading Picture of the Month" as well as *more* smaller reviews appear in every issue; in other words, this section of the magazine is gradually being enlarged. When you disagree with a review, send an "anti bouquet" letter to "Little Hints" department and give *your* views.





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Send the coupon and only \$1.00 today and we'll ship this complete, 3-piece brass bed outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. A beautiful, full-size brass bed steel mesh, sagless spring, and all cotton mattress at almost half price on this special factory sacrifice offer. Nothing so magnificent in a home—nothing adds so much richness and splendor as a luxurious and elegant brass bed. Always clean and sanitary. Harmonizes with most any other furnishings. Get this outfit on approval on this sensational offer.

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Dignified, sturdy and graceful; made in the popular 4-post Colonial design, lacquered in soft dull satin, rich velvet finish, and relieved by ribbon-like bands, burnished bright, as permanent as the brass itself. Will not tarnish or wear off. 2-inch Colonial posts with handsome extra size 4-inch mounts. The top rails and filling rails are 1 in. thick. Height of head end 55½ inches high, the foot end 36 inches. Furnished in full size only, 54 by 76 inches. Complete with the best quality ball-bearing steel casters. Fitted with rigid, patented interlocking steel side rails.

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Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 3-piece Brass Bed Outfit—brass bed, spring and cotton mattress. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you \$3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the outfit within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.  
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Beauty parlors and dealers  
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## LOCATION STUFF

(Continued from page 24)

passed him on the steps of the Metropolitan Hotel. "She thinks she's important.

"An assistant director is the lowest form of animal life," she was telling the crowded lobby and not a few of the townspeople who had gathered about the porch to gape at the actors. "If this dumbbell thinks he can give me a room that I wouldn't put my dog in he's crazy. I won't stir a step till I see Mr. Bloom."

"You can stir now, Julie," said the ashamed Mr. Bloom, edging his way through the crowd. "I am present."

**H**E had pitched his voice low in the hope that she would follow his example, but the voice in which she repeated her opinion of assistant directors in general, and of Mr. Bloom's assistant director in particular, was audible throughout a large part of Grandville.

"But the poor man is rooming people as well as he can," pleaded Mr. Bloom. "If you don't like the room he's picked out for you I'll trade with you."

If he expected that this offer would cause her embarrassment he was wrong.

"I'll take it," she said. "The room he gave me has got cowboys all around it."

"What do I care for cowboys?" queried Mr. Bloom with a brave snap of his fingers.

He cared a great deal for them before morning, for immediately after supper they started a poker game which did not break up until sunrise.

"But at seven-thirty everybody'll be made up and gone out to work, and then I can get some sleep," he promised himself.

But at exactly seven-ten it began to rain. It rained until after eleven, and by that time Mr. Bloom was so out-of-sorts with the world that he would not even try to sleep. As soon as the sky cleared the assistant manager ran around and shepherded the actors into the automobiles. They were to drive to a ranch that lay, an emerald upon the brown expanse of the desert, about a mile from town. They were to drive, but they did not drive. No sooner had they seated themselves in the automobiles than the rain began again. And this time it did not stop. There was

(Continued on Page 61)



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Film Information Bureau, Station 5  
JACKSON, MICH.



## LOCATION STUFF

(Continued from Page 60.)

no work that day. There was no rain the next day, but there was no work either, for the day was so hot that the film began to run. The makeups of the actors had been running from the moment they had put them on, but it would have been possible to keep replacing makeup. There was not the slightest possibility of making a picture with running film.

So the second day was a dead loss.

On the third day Wappinger managed to shoot two scenes on the road that led from the town to the ranch. He could have shot more had not an assistant camera man forgotten to bring the film case and the property man forgotten to bring the reflectors.

**T**O Mr. Bloom, sitting on the porch of the Metropolitan Hotel, it seemed that the sun, which on this third day was a big, red ball, leered at him as it dropped below the horizon.

Julie Douglas, cool and in a white, fluffy dress that made her seem more innocent than ever, pushed open the screen door, glided across the unpainted floor of the porch and slid into a rocking chair beside that in which sat her employer.

"Nice evening," she said prettily.

"I see you got over your cold," returned Mr. Bloom, his gloomy eyes still fixed on the sand and the sage brush.

"Why, I've had no cold," she objected.

"No?" he asked, surprised.

"No."

"I thought you had," he said; "I thought you had such a bad cold you couldn't speak to anybody."

"I just said it was a nice evening," she reminded him.

"It ain't polite to contradict a lady," he grunted.

"Don't you think it's a nice evening?" she insisted.

He groaned.

"Julie," he said, almost fiercely, "I don't know whether you're more aggravating when you don't talk about nothing or when you do talk about nothing."

She would not be rebuffed, but edging her chair closer to his, she asked sweetly:

"Things are certainly going to hell up here, aren't they?"

(Continued on Page 62.)

Watch for

## Richard Barthelmess

in his fourth big production for First National

### "THE BONDBOY"



**A**FTER meeting with a tremendous triumph in his first three starring pictures, Richard Barthelmess soon will appear in his fourth, which is said to be greater even than "Tol'able David" or "Sonny."

This is another heroic homespun tale in which you will love "Our Star Dick." It is taken from George W. Ogden's celebrated story and presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc.

Henry King, that master director, who directed him in his preceding starring vehicles, has put all the fine touches of his directorial genius into this picture. So you may be assured it is one of the best in which you have ever seen Mr. Barthelmess. He is supported by an unusually strong cast.

Watch for its release at your theatre.



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## Jim Henry's Column

### In Common

It is a curious thought, how different men are in most of their ideas, aspirations and habits, and yet how absolutely alike in others.

For example, tomorrow morning, between the hours of 6:45 and 7:30, about fifteen million men will stand before their mirrors in exactly the same postures, go through the same motions and accomplish about the same results, namely: they will cut down that jungle of ugliness which is everlastingly pushing out from a man's hide and overrunning the attractive contours of his face.

With this one difference. Something over two million men will enjoy the process. The other thirteen million will think thoughts they dare not express unless they are rough and uncouth, and which I cannot even hint at in this public forum.

Now, let's get down to cases and be practical and factual about this inevitable process of shaving.

We would all do away with it if women would let us. It takes time, at the best is a nuisance, and at the worst is awful.

I don't have to tell you whether or not the soap you are using is up to the job. I do tell you that in the opinion of every man who uses it, Mennen Shaving Cream comes closer to making shaving pleasant than any other preparation ever invented.

I tell you that Mennen's exerts a peculiar influence on a beard which transforms its meanness into something approaching benevolence.

I tell you that Mennen's is so non-irritating and so packed with soothing lotions that all you need afterwards is a flick of neutral-toned Mennen Talcum for Men to put you at peace with the world. Our Talcum for Men, by the way, doesn't show the way white powder does. It is made especially for men—fine for a talcum shower after your bath to protect your skin from irritation—and soothing after a shave.

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*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY

357 Central Ave.  
Newark N.J. U.S.A.



## LOCATION STUFF

(Continued from Page 61.)

"Well, they ain't any too good," he conceded grudgingly, but then, as if ashamed of his confession, he added sturdily: "They'll come out all right."

She ignored this optimistic forecast.

"You can bet they're none too good," she said. "The way this rancher is holding you up is a shame."

"What do you know about me and the rancher?" he asked suspiciously.

"Plenty," was her confident reply. "I know that he's raised the rental of his old ranch from fifty to a hundred and fifty a day. I know—"

"Maybe you know that we ain't used it at all yet," he interrupted.

"You'll have to use it or pull up stakes and go somewhere else. There's something else I know. This hotel guy is going to raise the rate on you too; and there's something else I know—"

"You know too much," he declared bitterly. "If I knew as much as you I'd quit the movies and start a newspaper."

"The something else I know is that they're going to overcharge you for the horses the cowboys are going to ride," she concluded.

"You got a fine idea of this town, ain't you?" he asked sarcastically.

"About the same as you have," she answered frankly. "The only difference is I'm not afraid to say what I think."

"Julie," he groaned, "you ain't been talking, have you? I mean you ain't been talking to these stingers?"

She put her hand on his knee.

"I have told each and every one of them that I think he is a petty larceny thief," she said calmly.

He put his head in his hands.

"Julie," he muttered in anguish, "you have certainly pushed all the cooks into the broth. Now these robbers won't let us shoot a foot not if we pay them a million dollars. Don't you know better than to insult a thief by telling him he's a thief?"

"When I saw the way they were framing to trim you I couldn't keep my mouth shut," she told him. "I just had to cut loose. All the prominent citizens have quit speaking to me, but I don't care."

"I care," said Mr. Bloom, his head still averted. "Tonight Mr. Norval Chillingworth gets in here from Hollywood. Tomorrow we were going to shoot some stuff with him and you. Now I'll bet you they won't let us shoot you or him or nothing."

"Jump to some other burg," she suggested hopefully.

"I'm too much loser," he contended. "The best thing I can do is pay these robbers what they want and shoot my stuff here. I said I was going to give this young feller the right kind of locations to start with. These are the right kind of locations. Even if it almost breaks me I'm going to keep my word."

The face that he raised to hers was haggard, but he looked her squarely in the eye.

"Don't be a sucker—" she began.

"I'd rather be a sucker than a quitter," he declared, and stood up.

"I thought I was doing the right thing," she said defensively.

"I know you did," he answered, looking down into her face, which was now as sober as his own. "I know your heart's in the right place, Julie, but sometimes I ain't so sure about your brains."

His head was bowed as he walked away.

Julie Douglas, following him with her wide, innocent eyes, was sure that if he had stayed another moment he would have cried.

### III.

BUT Mr. Bloom was not crying an hour later when with outstretched hands he hurried down the steps of the hotel to welcome to the hospitality of Grandville young Norval Chillingworth, who, in motor coat and goggles, descended from the big, yellow racing car in which a retired professional racing driver had piloted him from Hollywood.

From her observation post on the porch Julie Douglas heard Mr. Bloom say cheerily:

"Where's Julie? I want Mr. Chillingworth to meet Julie."

And then she heard the obnoxious Hortense Hugo reply:

"Poor Julie! She was so tired that she went to bed early. She can't stand roughing it as well as she could once."

(Continued on Page 63.)



# LOCATION STUFF

(Continued from Page 62.)

"Cat!" the maligned Julie had said to herself and strolled into the lobby.

When she strolled out again Norval Chillingworth was with her. She was a fast worker.

Mr. Bloom walked back toward the hotel and seating himself upon a soapbox in front of the dark and deserted Busy Bee General Store across the street from the noisy tavern began to do some intensive worrying.

For Chillingworth had told him that he did not expect to work the next day. Mr. Bloom could see that bad as things were before Chillingworth had arrived they were due to become much worse.

He stole a look across the street but brought his eyes back quickly when they fell upon Chillingworth and Julie Douglas in whispered conference.

"Two artistic tempers together," he said to himself bitterly, "I'd give anything I've got, I'd give anything I could borrow, to be back in Hollywood."

"Well?" asked a disagreeable voice at his elbow.

He started.

It was the voice of the rancher.

"Well, yourself," answered Mr. Bloom with what courage he could muster.

"Stand up. I want to talk to you," said the tanned and brawny native.

"I'm very comfortable," protested the stranger within the gates.

"Stand up," ordered the inflexible man.

Mr. Bloom obeyed.

"What's this I hear about you going round town saying I'm a robber?" asked the rancher, placing a ham-like hand upon Mr. Bloom's lapel.

"I didn't," was Mr. Bloom's stammering but honest reply.

"That's a lie," said the other briefly, "and now I'm going to take you across the street and prove it."

Mr. Bloom held back.

"There ain't no use of having words," he protested uneasily. "You could take me across the world and you couldn't prove it."

"The landlord says he heard you," said the other and tightened his grip upon Mr. Bloom.

"The landlord ain't telling the truth," protested Mr. Bloom.

"Come on," ordered the other. "We'll see whether he is or not."

He started to drag Mr. Bloom toward the edge of the sidewalk.

Physical violence was a thing that Mr. Bloom abhorred.

With the hand which was not clinging to the lamp post he struck out at his tormentor, then shut his eyes and waited for the worst.

It did not come.

MR. BLOOM, his fist and his eyes shut tight, stood there and waited for what seemed to him to be a very long time. But he opened his fist and his eyes also when he heard the rush of feet on the sidewalk and then the voice of his new leading man, pitched very low but filled with sincerity, saying:

"Bill, if you put a finger on my friend, Mr. Bloom, you'll have to lick both of us."

The rancher whom the English leading man had addressed as Bill looked first at Mr. Bloom, then at Julie Douglas who had ranged herself beside him, then at Norval Chillingworth who had stepped in front of Mr. Bloom. His look at Norval Chillingworth was a long look. It ended in a laugh that echoed through the street.

"Well, if it ain't Elmer Mason!" he cried, and extended a brawny paw to the favorite of Broadway and that street in London the name of which nobody seemed able to remember.

The metropolitan favorite gripped the hand which only a moment before had gripped Mr. Bloom.

"It's me, all right," he admitted. "You're the first one of the old gang I've seen tonight."

Although the night was cool Mr. Bloom wiped his forehead.

"The old gang?" he said puzzled, "Do you gentlemen know each other?"

They laughed.

"This is my home town," said Norval Chillingworth with a touch of honest pride.

"I should say it is," affirmed the rancher just as proudly. Elmer's folks own the ranch and the hotel and the horses and—"

"You don't know how I am glad to hear it," cried Mr. Bloom, "Now it won't cost me so much to shoot the ranch."

(Continued on Page 64.)



A Housewife—  
who found that *she* could do it

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## LOCATION STUFF

(Continued from Page 63.)

His new leading man wheeled on him in anger.

"I ought not to let you shoot it at all," he thundered.

Mr. Bloom shrank back against his lamp post.

"You don't deserve it," cried the leading man stepping close to him.

"How dare you think that I'd let you pay a cent?"

"I don't know how I dared," Mr. Bloom apologized hurriedly,

"but I don't think so any more."

"And I'll be ready to work in the morning," his benefactor told him.

"Just now Miss Douglas and I are going to take a little stroll."

"Make it a big one," cried Mr. Bloom with enthusiasm.

He linked his arm in that of the rancher and started across the street toward the hotel. When they were half-way across he stopped to wave his hand at the girl whose heart was in the right place and at her companion who evidently was beginning to make a place for himself in that heart.

"I'll see you anon," called Mr. Bloom.

## What the FANS WRITE to the STARS

(Continued from Page 30.)

hundred and fifteen pounds, with brown eyes and black hair. Everybody thinks I am a fine-looking girl. But tastes differ, don't you think?" a North Carolina miss ventured in a "personal" letter to Viola Dana.

The "fan" letter that got more attention than any which reached the studios in months came the other day, addressed to Rupert Hughes, famous author and director at Goldwyn.

"I go to see every one of your pictures and I think you are the finest actor on the screen today," was the enthusiastic praise.

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## The STAR in SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 46.)

the residence, dropping hundreds of flower bombs of roses and lilies of the valley.

In the late afternoon a buffet tea was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickford are spending their honeymoon at La Siesta, one of the bungalows of the Ambassador Hotel, where they intend to remain until the early part of September, when Mr. Pickford will have finished the picture he is now making and Mrs. Pickford is scheduled to resume her engagement as the star of *Sally*. They will then leave for New York, and are planning to wait until the last minute and fly back by aeroplane.

**Give Festive Party.** A ROLICKING affair was the "Days of Forty-five"

party staged on the night of August 12th at one of the deserted studios in Culver City. Genial hosts of the occasion were John B. Ritchie, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts, Douglas McLean, Raymond Hatton, King Vidor, Lambert Hillyer, Hunt Stromberg, Mahlon Hamilton and James Horne, and the guest of honor was Miss Bradley King, continuity writer of the T. H. Ince Studio.

**At the Opera.** MISS GLORIA SWANSON was a much-admired figure in one of the boxes at the recent outdoor production of *Carmen* given in the Hollywood Bowl. She reminded one of a Russian princess with her long ermine cape thrown back across her shoulders, revealing her low-cut evening gown of white satin and the gorgeous necklace of diamonds and platinum which she was wearing. Low across her forehead she wore a white bandeaux of Russian design and studded with brilliants and pearls. In the next box Harold Lloyd entertained a party of friends, having as honor guest Miss Mildred Davis.

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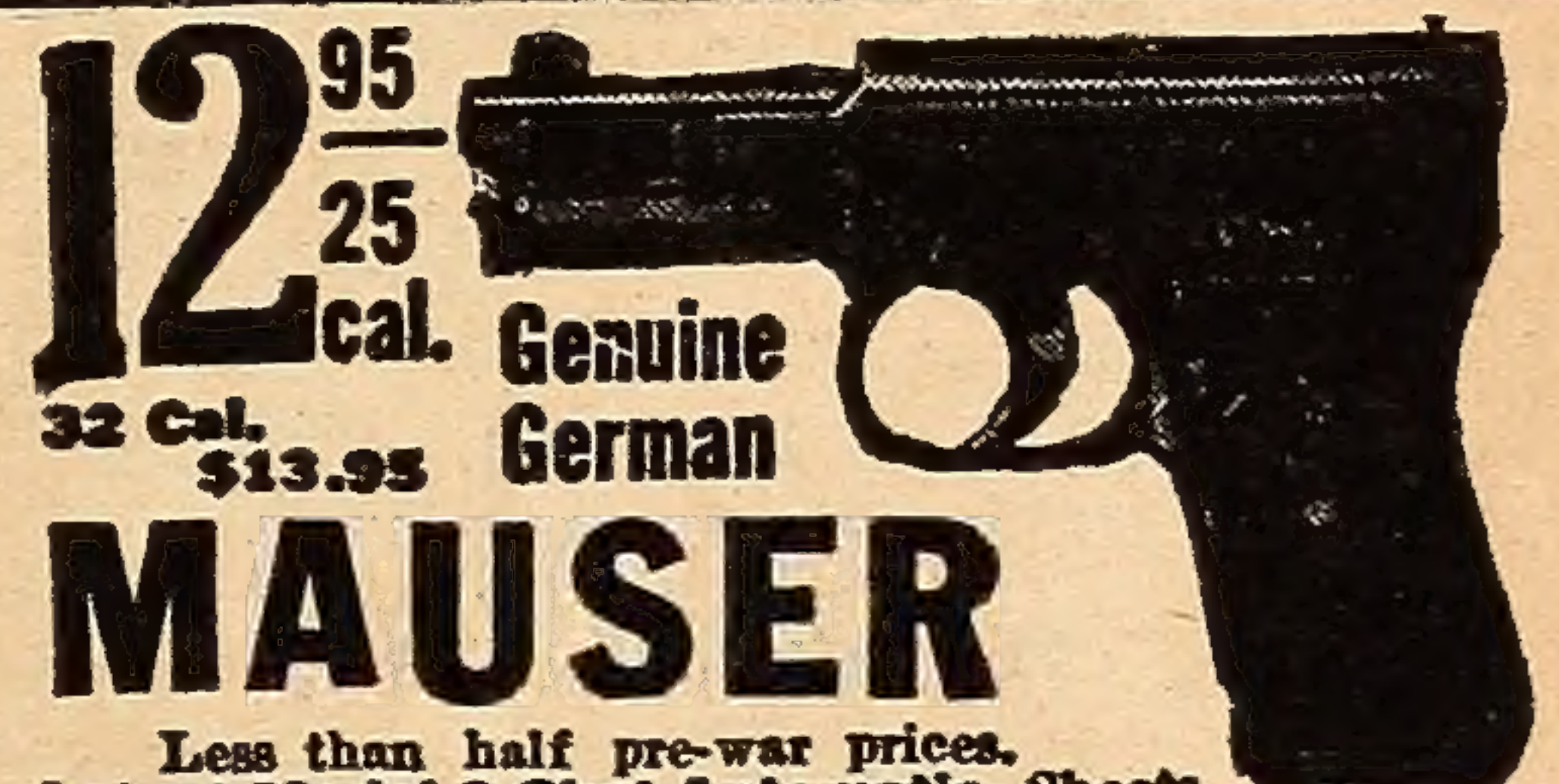
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